

JUN 23 1943



Charles L. Wheeler, President of Rotary International

THE OLAV ... *News from Norway*

WM. ALLEN WHITE ... *Good Cheer, Little Guy!*

WINNING POLLOCK ... *An Epic of America*

DEBATE ... *Should Governments Pay for 'Ads'?*

Rotarian



In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN TEN MORE MINUTES they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What *more* can I do today for freedom?

What *more* can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

"Unaccustomed as I am—"

"I... er, er... don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



... Yet 4 Weeks Later He Amazed His Friends and Associates!

In a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over?"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, which tells how almost any man of average intelligence can improve his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this interesting booklet made it clear to John Hark-

ness how he might change his entire business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to speak more effectively in public or in every-

day conversation—convince one man or many—help him to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to re-submit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free booklet—*How to Work Wonders with Words*.

The experience of Harkness is merely a story, yet it is typical of what might be an actual happening in the life of most any man in the business world. For many years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than

a natural gift of a chosen few. Most any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply this training—a training that helps to overcome timidity, self-consciousness, stage fright and fear when called upon to speak before an audience.

Send for This Interesting Booklet

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free booklet *How to Work Wonders with Words*. Over 100,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have sent for this booklet, and you should, too. See for yourself how many have improved their speaking ability. Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.



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1315 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking and requirements.

Name..... Age.....

Address

City..... State.....

R4
Bowling Green, Ky
Jan 24 - 1943
The Rotarian Magazine
35 E Wacker Drive
Chicago, Ill

Gentle men: - I saw a copy of your magazine
- "A World to Live In" at the library - I'd like
to have a copy to read more carefully - I am
fifteen years old now + when I'm older maybe
I can be a Rotarian - I'm interested in History
- music - Peace + Justice for all people
regardless of race, color or creed -

Do you have any other publications
that will help me in studying + formulating
opinions toward a peace that is fair
and square for all people - The world over -
Thanks -

Here's what's on youth's mind!

It's letters like this one from the boy in Bowling Green that have sent the book *A World to LIVE In* into its third printing—for a total of 55,000 copies. And here's what others say:

● "I want a dozen copies for friends of mine outside of Rotary."—*A Wisconsin Rotarian*. "This book will render a distinguished service to our secondary-education program. I want 40 copies."—*A High-School Professor*. "Each of our high-school guests will be given a copy—we think it an appropriate gift."—*A Club President*. "Send 20 for our Club."—*A Washington Rotarian*. "This book has been issued at a most opportune moment. Rotary has performed a worthwhile service in making it available."—*An Ambassador in Washington, D. C.*

● It's small—96 pages and of pocket size, convenient for odd-time reading. Many Rotary and other groups are using it as a discussion handbook. One national non-Rotary organization sponsoring study of post-war problems ordered 1,000 copies for this purpose! . . . It gets at such questions as: *Are empires a thing of the past? How is science changing our lives? Are men incurably selfish? Must the world be policed?*

Contributors:

J. Raymond Tiffany
H. G. Wells
John Dewey
Will Durant
Mohandas K. Gandhi
William O. Douglas
Arthur Holly Compton
Paul V. McNutt

Harrison E. Howe
Sir Josiah Stamp
Charles F. Kettering
Sir Edward Beatty
Cordell Hull
E. W. Kemmerer
Melchior Palyi
Nicholas Doman
George Bernard Shaw
Clark M. Eichelberger
Sir Norman Angell

F. W. Sollmann
Henry A. Wallace
Walter B. Pitkin
Edward Tomlinson
Ricardo J. Alfaro
Oswaldo Aranha
William F. Ogburn
Stuart Chase
Henry Ford
Walter D. Head

25¢

It's a book planned for you. Give one to a friend, to that boy in uniform. Order a quantity for your club, schools, or discussion groups. Published on a nonprofit basis, it costs only 25 cents a copy; \$1 for 6 copies; \$5 for 40.

The ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago



Talking it over

Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN.

A Reversible Home-Town Paper

Noted by D. B. WILLIAMS
Secretary, Rotary Club
Clifton Springs, New York

In common with Mitchell Luther, publisher of the Manhasset (Long Island, New York) Mail, as expressed in his letter in the May ROTARIAN [see *Talking It Over*], we find that our boys overseas do not "sketchily read" the home paper, a view contained in Stanley High's Mail *Is a Munition* [March ROTARIAN]. The embargo against the home paper by the Post Office Department because of needed cargo space has been met and we are receiving the most enthusiastic replies from the service boys.

Rotarian P. A. Kemp, editor of the Clifton Springs Press, has arranged his paper so that all local news, personals, society events, births, deaths, marriages, and even interesting advertisements appear on the two sides of a sheet. This sheet can be folded and placed in an ordinary envelope and sent as first-class mail for the usual 3-cent stamp. Editor Kemp does all the work and Rotary pays the postage. Every man overseas receives this weekly sheet and reports that it is read to the last period.

Re: Chase's Mixed Economy

By WILLIAM M. CONNELLY, Rotarian
Producer of Scenics
West Los Angeles, California

The publisher of one of our local papers, who is an active Rotarian, takes issue with THE ROTARIAN over the Stuart Chase article appearing in the May issue [see *Toward a Mixed Economy*]. I thought you might be interested in this reaction. Perhaps it is more general than one realizes. Rotary Clubs all over the country listen to many proposals for a new order. They receive THE ROTARIAN containing article after article on ambitious post-war plans of global scope. It is my opinion that the majority of them endure rather than accept these numerous proposals and that too often their courteous silence is accepted as approval. Not all feel that the Fourth Object was intended to be sufficiently elastic to reach around the globe.

Here is the publisher's comment which I mentioned:

Behold in the current issue of THE ROTARIAN (magazine of Rotary International) is a piece by one Stuart Chase. He calls it *Toward a Mixed Economy*. In this piece Chase speaks for all Centralists. For the imported brand of defeatism—for the ism known as Economic Determination.

As for me, an America planned by Chase and his Centralists—well I for one prefer death. For in their plans you may see Americans in chains.

But what is most alarming is to see this material in magazines like THE ROTARIAN! And to fail to hear Rotarians everywhere crying loudly in protest! As a matter of fact, I have failed, as yet, to hear a single Rotarian protest. But here is mine!

Now Chase and his brand of un-American "Mixed Economy" that would make every man a *serf* is but one face of the many-sided picture stemming from a great group who are determined to fasten on us

the hellish philosophy of the wreckers of Europe—the Centralists! And so insidious and far-reaching has this thing progressed that suddenly we find now groups of otherwise sensible men apparently unable to distinguish this rot from Americanism!

For me I say to hades with the Centralists! Life in America is worth nothing if it is not an American life.

The purpose of these Centralists, of course, is to capture America with its plant intact!

Clever, insidious, destructive, and soul searing! Atheistic, cannibalistic; levelling! Complete destruction of spiritual values. Of human dignity. Of art and culture. Bring down the top man to the level of the norm which actually means to the level of the lowest known man. For as they search for a human "norm" the level falls. The human just below the one they today decide is "norm" points to the dregs yet beneath him and so it goes until the race is driven back to mud huts and savagery.

Every step leads to famine, degradation, starvation, war, and pestilence. This they neither know nor care. They argue that men are incapable. That only government is capable. Hence government must do everything for men. That is the core of their brutish philosophy. What they mean is to make men serfs of government. A government of Centralists!

For over a century and a half the American pattern has been to raise the level to the highest; to make every man a king! And of course that is what America means. That is the goal. There can be no other. Let it be said that it is high time Rotarians and others took note of what goes on here! It is high time the parade started in the other direction again. Let us defy the Centralists! Of all brands! When our fighting men come home from the 30 battle fronts shall they be serfs or kings! What we do now and what we tolerate here is what we shall be judged by on that day of reckoning.

'Half a Life' Approved

By MRS. IVAL GARDNER
Wife of Rotarian
Ansley, Nebraska

Thank you for printing the article *Half a Life* in the April ROTARIAN. It should make all readers want to give their assistance in the work of aiding the physically handicapped.

It Couldn't Be Greece!

C. EDWIN PETTIT
Honorary Rotarian
Galesburg, Illinois

Boy, oh, boy!, it was a thrill to receive four copies of THE ROTARIAN this morning [in Boston, Massachusetts]. I just got in from a pretty nasty run in one of our big, bad oceans, and reading THE ROTARIAN is just what I need.

I've been trying to visit Rotary Clubs over the world, but so often I hit the wrong days. However, I did win the prize in Norfolk, Virginia, for being farthest from my home, Galesburg. I attended recently where I didn't understand a word of the speech, but I can't tell where it was.

Science Not Enough

Holds MARTIN J. STOTT
Typewriter Retailer
Secretary, Rotary Club
Perth, Australia

... Many of our members forward copies of THE ROTARIAN to friends in the armed forces in various parts of the world. I am sure THE ROTARIAN is well and favorably known throughout the different war points.

What tremendous problems are ahead—and what wonderful opportunities there will be for Rotary. If only those who lead and those who are in authority can keep in their minds the necessity for a human outlook on the problems,



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

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WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward
Rotary meets Monday
TORONTO, Ont.—King Edward
DIRECTION VERNON G. CADDY

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TO TRAVELLING ROTARIANS: You will be welcomed at these hotels. When registering, let the management know you saw their hotel listed in this directory. They will appreciate it. So will YOUR magazine.

we shall get a better peace, but there must be this tolerant outlook. If only our negotiations can be approached with smiles, carried out with laughter in the hearts, and consummated with a cheerful desire that what has been accomplished has been for the real welfare of ordinary people, what a grand world we shall have. Your country and my country will need the moral support of all right-thinking people, not a narrow morality, but something great in a magnificent conception of real humane brotherhood.

What is the use of scientific progress if human beings are not so educated that they can appreciate that progress? There is enough in material things to make most of the peoples of the world happy if those things can be harnessed for human contentment.

'We Wish 40 More'

Asks R. C. CARRELL, M.D.

1942-43 President, Rotary Club
Aruba, Netherlands West Indies

Sometime ago I ordered 80 copies of *A World to LIVE In* [see page 2 for announcement]. These have arrived and our Club is so pleased with the booklet that we wish to order 40 more copies for further distribution to prominent people on the Island of Aruba.

Bell Hobby Swells

So Tells RALPH W. DATES, Rotarian
Dates Laundry Service, Inc.
Kenmore, New York

Some six months after the listing of my hobby of collecting bells in the June, 1939, *Hobby Hitching Post* [see page 60 this issue], I received a most interesting letter from Rotarian F. W. Furkert, of Wellington, New Zealand, whose hobby was the making of ornaments, chairs, pumps, or anything from materials that had historical associations, such as a chair from lumber of some ancient building. He stated he was sending me a bell from olive-tree wood, which originally came from the Mount of Olives. A few days later the bell arrived, and is a beauty. No one else will ever be able to have a duplicate of it.

Imagine my surprise and pleasure to receive a letter this week from a man stationed in India who had read the same issue. He stated he was just starting to collect bells to use in a new home he was planning to build in the desert after the war is over. . . .

Maybe to 'Shangri-La,' Too

From J. H. ELLINWOOD, Rotarian
Insurance Agent
Athol, Massachusetts

After reading my *ROTARIAN* I mail it to my brother who is in the United States Army Air Corps—Ferry Service. Because of the way he hops around, he generally has to take it with him to read it. Then the other members of the crew go through it. Finally, it is left with the boys at some far-distant air base. I wish I could tell the places that a copy has been left, but this is not possible. You can rest assured that *THE ROTARIAN* would not reach some of these places unless delivered as above.

Puerto Rico - Part of the U.S.A.



SOME 1,400 miles southeast of New York City lies Puerto Rico, the most easterly and the fourth-largest island of the Greater Antilles. Plains dominate its surface from the mountains to the sea, with the interior and by far the larger portion of the area consisting of an irregular series of mountain ranges, broken by extremely fertile and beautiful valleys.

Puerto Rico, discovered and named by Christopher Columbus in 1493, was conquered for Spain by Ponce de León in 1509. From then until it was ceded to the United States of America in 1898 it was governed by representatives named by the mother country. Now the Governor is appointed by the President of the United States. A resident commissioner, who represents the island in the Federal House of Representatives, but has no vote, is elected by popular vote, as are the members of the country's bicameral legislature.

Though but 35 miles wide and 105 miles long, Puerto Rico has a population of more than 1,869,000 people, making it one of the most densely populated countries in the world. Bettered health standards have proved a chief factor in the population increase of more than 50 percent since 1899.

Sugar, long the island's leading product, is raised on large plantations along the coast. In recent years the commercial production of tropical fruits has moved ahead of tobacco, which has been raised for the market since 1614. Coffee growing is also an important factor in the country's economy. Normally 90 percent of Puerto Rico's commerce is with the United States.

The island's first Rotary Club was organized in San Juan, the capital, in 1918. Nine have since been added.

Readers wishing further opportunity to read articles in Spanish will find it in *REVISTA ROTARIA*, published monthly in that language. A year's subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

A UNAS 1,400 millas al sudeste de Nueva York se encuentra Puerto Rico, la más oriental y la cuarta en tamaño de las Grandes Antillas. Las llanuras predominan en su superficie desde las montañas hasta el mar. El interior y una gran porción de su área están formadas por una serie irregular de montañas interrumpidas por bellos y fertilísimos valles.

Puerto Rico, descubierto y bautizado por Cristóbal Colón en 1493, fué conquistado para España por Ponce de León, en 1509. Desde entonces hasta 1898, en que fué cedido a los Estados Unidos, estuvo gobernado por representantes nombrados por la metrópoli. En la actualidad el gobernador es nombrado por el Presidente de los Estados Unidos. Por votación popular se elige un comisionado residente que representa a la isla en la Cámara Federal de Representantes, con voz pero sin voto. Del mismo modo son elegidos los miembros de la legislatura del país compuesta por dos cámaras.

Aunque sólo tiene 35 millas de ancho por 105 de largo, Puerto Rico cuenta con más de 1,869,000 habitantes. Es uno de los países más densamente poblados del mundo. El mejoramiento de la salubridad pública ha sido uno de los factores principales en el aumento de más del 50 por ciento de la población desde 1898.

El azúcar, por mucho tiempo producto principal de la isla, se cosecha en grandes plantaciones costaneras. En años recientes la producción comercial de frutas tropicales se ha impuesto sobre el tabaco, que ha venido cosechándose en cantidades comerciales desde 1614. El cultivo del café es también factor importante en la economía del país. Normalmente, 90 por ciento del comercio de Puerto Rico se hace con los Estados Unidos.

El primer Rotary club de la isla se organizó en San Juan, la capital, en 1918. De entonces acá se han creado nueve más.

JULY, 1943

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Presenting This Month

At 75, ROTARIAN WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE maintains the fame of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette for brisk editorials. They often make "news" for metropolitan papers. His views on the future of sovereignty appeared in THE ROTARIAN last month.



Killeffer

D. H. KILLEFFER is a consultant in public relations for the chemical industry and author of *Eminent American Chemists*. Rotarians know him as conductor of that very readable department "Peeps at Things to Come."

After leaving Stanford University, REESE WOLFE helped to develop antimony mines in Spain, then followed the sea several years. He now lives near San Francisco, California, with his wife and daughter... and writes novels and short stories.

CROWN PRINCE OLAV is one of Norway's most versatile men. Before the invasion of his nation he was active both in Government councils and as an athlete. He is a colonel in the Norwegian infantry, a commodore in the Navy, and was a farmer—with a milk business of his own. Until recently he was in the United States, where one of his rare public addresses was given before Rotarians of New York City.

Author, editor, and business writer, JOHN T. BARTLETT, Rotarian of Boulder, Colorado, counsels you to *Get Yourself a System*. He must practice what he preaches, for he is editor of Bartlett Service, a news service in the business-journal field; a business writer who has contributed hundreds of articles to magazines; co-author of retail credit texts; co-publisher of *The Author and Journalist*, a magazine for writers.

—THE CHAIRMEN



Bartlett

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

Editor, Leland D. Case

Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Teetor

Editorial, Business, and General Advertising Offices of THE ROTARIAN are located at 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. Cable Address: Interotary, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Eastern Advertising Office: 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York. Southeastern Advertising Representative: S. G. Cox, 1209 La Mancha Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida.

Clear Thinking ... Persistent Energy

By Charles L. Wheeler

President, Rotary International

They are needed if the Rotary Ideal of Service is to be realized in the world we want when the war is over.

WAR HAS BEEN the biggest business in the world for more than 4,000 years—and the most destructive. At this moment millions of our fellow beings are engaged in it, and the toll of lives will be enormous. An extraordinary number of the world's factories and farms are geared to the task of producing matériel, and much of it will be irretrievably lost—some of it at sea, some of it blasted into unsalvageable bits. It is no credit to us as human beings that we have so poorly learned how to live together that friction periodically flames into conflict.

But we are undiscouraged. Now for the second time within my generation we press toward a new peace, determined that this time we shall set it up in a way that shall insure its permanency because it is just. And even now, while our efforts are absorbed in discharging our duties as loyal citizens of our various countries, we do well also to work and to plan ahead for the world we want. If it is true, as historians say, that most wars grow out of economic disharmony among peoples, then surely one of our fundamental tasks is to build a solid economic foundation.

Diplomacy and international political relations are, to the man in the street, matters of mystery represented by headlines in daily papers and forbidding-looking books. But the movement of a ship or plane, clearing and entering ports all over the world, distributing cargoes and passengers in many lands, is a clear-cut physical expression of the art of people living together.

The end of this war will find world-wide transportation services in the control, and often under the ownership, of Governments. Airplanes and ships will have been adapted to special war requirements. The whole field of policy and practice of operation will be uncertain and as unde-

fined as are the properties of dispossessed citizens in the occupied countries of Europe. Certain precedents and commitments will exist, but the slate nevertheless will be sufficiently clean to write a new Charter of the Seven Seas in the interests of mankind.

The shuttling of planes and ships over the globe, carrying goods and passengers, *can* weave a tartan that will provide a pattern for peaceful strength in the world of affairs, both of individuals and of nations. It is service—but it can be Service in the full Rotary meaning of the word. And so I think of transportation, which is my business, as a symbol of your business and all businesses.

Grocers need not merely sell bread and potatoes—they *can* sell health and strong bodies. And real-estate men *can* sell homes, which is vastly more than the sticks and stones called houses. Let the true meaning of selfless service to our fellowmen enter into our ways of doing business, and not only will we profit in purse, but lay up deposits of personal satisfactions that will draw compound interest all our days.

An Oriental proverb has it that he who would go to the distant mountain must start from where his feet now are—one step at a time. Few of us can be in high position, settling affairs of State, but each of us who has the vision of personal responsibility to society can do the work that comes to our hand each day.

It is true that many forces that shape our activities are beyond our control and impersonal. Yet it is the democratic belief that hu-

man beings do count as human beings. We have the right of franchise, and our collective voice echoes from the seat of government. So interlaced is business of communities and of nations, so shrunken is our physical world, that never before, actually, has the individual and what he does counted for more than today.

Clear thinking and persistent energy are needed. Great opportunities are round about us. If I have stressed business, it is because it is a universal common denominator of Rotarians, but I would not overlook the privileges we have as citizens to serve our countries in special ways growing out of the war. They vary from country to country, from community to community, but each one reading these words will know best what needs to be done and his own strength for doing it.

LET us not look for credit, either as Rotarians or as Rotary. We should give all-out service today and every day, and let the credit fall where it may. It is remarkable how many jobs are done when we don't care who gets the credit for them.

Let us remember that in conquered lands are men who are involuntary former Rotarians, men who still cling to the faith that there is a *great individual willingness to do back* of the affirmation of our ideal of service.

As loyal citizens, as men of business, as men who have made a pledge to put Rotary's Four Objects into deeds, let us so act that when our boys return, we can look them squarely in the eye and say: "Son, we tried to do our part."

Guest **E**ditorial 

Charlie Wheeler—The Man at the Helm

*A friendly letter... about
Rotary's new international
President—from Reese Wolfe*

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

You've asked me to tell Rotarians something about Rotary International's new President, Charles Leigh Wheeler. To an ex-merchant seaman, like myself, this seemed, at first, like a simple task and a rare pleasure, because Charlie Wheeler is the kind of man sailors like to talk about.

Men like to talk and write about their own kind, and Charlie (who is as likely to turn up in the shaft alley of one of his company's ships as he is to be posing with a beautiful lady at a launching or showing a sleepy *cargador* on a West Indies dock how to lash a deck cargo properly) is looked upon by his men in the McCormick Steamship Division of Pope & Talbot as one of them.

He should be. As guiding genius of a company three-quarters of a century old, now operating more than 30 Liberty ships for the Victory fleet in addition to running a lumber business, and which before the war offered 53,000 miles of service around the Americas, he knows ships and the men who sail them.

But what makes the task you've set well-nigh impossible, Mr. Editor, is the awful truth that Charlie is also sadly regarded as a man who missed his calling by men engaged in such various pursuits as the newspaper business, the theater, marine engineering, education, diplomacy, labor organizing, the art of the restaurateur, and, so help me, the church.

One Tuesday afternoon not so many years ago, a beautiful little girl was held up before the weekly gathering of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, California. Her small feet dangled, helplessly paralyzed. It was explained by Charlie Wheeler, then President, that



ROTARY'S President for 1943-44, Charles L. Wheeler, of San Francisco, Calif. A steamship-company executive and lumberman, he's equally at home on land or sea. With him here are boys of San Francisco Bay Area "ship" of the Sea Scouts. He's their commodore.



A YOUNG MAN in his "Sunday best"—when wing collars were the vogue. These photos show Charlie Wheeler at 9, and at 17 when his high-school literary society, at Menomonie, Wis., elected him to his first presidency. After-school hours saw him in a printer's devil apron at the local *Times*.



the Society for Crippled Children had arranged an operation for her and that in a few weeks she would appear before them again. When she returned, she was able to hobble the length of the table with the aid of braces, and, smiling radiantly, she promised to come back again very soon. When she did come back, dressed in the prettiest clothes Charlie could find in San Francisco, she scrambled onto the long main table and, amid the cheers of her audience, skipped and ran the length of it. "At one table," says Charlie, "they raised a fund of more than \$5,000 for the child on the spot." But did he accept it? He did not.

"I told them," says this sandy-haired zealot with the chin of a hammerhead crane, "that this little girl no longer needed their help. The ones who needed it—thousands of them—were scattered over the nation. How much did the annual charity fund get?" He grins reminiscently. "Sixteen thousand dollars before the dishes were cleared away."

There's more sheer joy in Charlie's blue eyes when he tells you about that successful piece of showmanship than in anything he can say about his ships.

It's a tough proposition to talk about boyhood days with Charlie. "Ancient history," he says impatiently, "there's too much in the future to waste time with the past." But you learn from his sergeant-major, amanuensis, and

bodyguard, Miss Mollie Miller, out in the front office, that Charlie, Wisconsin born and bred, got the president habit early as president of the James H. Stout Literary Society at Menomonie High School some 35 years ago.

While in school he worked as a printer's devil on the Menomonie *Times*, rising to reporter and advertising solicitor. By the time he'd graduated and when most boys are looking for their first real job, Charlie sat in the editor's chair—if he was capable of sitting at all—and during a two-year tenure he wrote, on the side, such eye-catching articles for a commercial encyclopedia of Wisconsin that he was commissioned by the publishers to come to the Pacific Coast to make a survey of industries and resources.

On the Coast he soon became associated with the company with which he was to remain for more than 30 years, first tackling the job of settling 5,000 acres of logged-off land for the St. Helen's Lumber Company, a McCormick sub-

sidiary. By 1921 he was in San Francisco for his company organizing the McCormick fleet of steam schooners in the Northwest-California trade.*

Behind him, before his career was fairly started, he'd already left a record which was to symbolize his creed—service. Service as president of St. Helen's Chamber of Commerce. Service as a member of the City Council and commissioner of a vast reclamation district. Service in rebuilding the St. Helen's Docks, connecting them with three miles of railway tracks and a drawbridge, and in obtaining a new depot for St. Helen's. And service in leading a movement that gave his adopted town paved streets, electric lights, a library, and other essentials to a modern, progressive city.

That Charlie should have put his shoulder to the wheel of Rotary was instinctive. "I'm in Rotary," he says, "because it works."

Conversely, it can certainly be said that Charlie works for Rotary. To it, too, he has "come up through the hawsepipe," serving locally at first and then Rotary International as Vice-President, Director, Committee member and Chairman, and District Governor. He has also served the Aims and Objects Committee, the Magazine Committee, and the Vocational Service Committee. Always with accent on youth, Charlie has sweat blood for some of his pet-like International House for college students, for Pacific House—fighting the good fight for his dream of real hemispheric solidarity—and as commodore of the San Francisco Bay Area of the Sea Scouts of America.

These are only a few of the jobs Charlie works at, but none of them is just a name to him—a cause to sponsor and a fund to be raised. They are real people, boys and girls and good neighbors with real problems, to whom he gives his time, his overwhelming energy, and, above all, his heart.

Rotary's Fourth Object, as might be expected, is close to that heart. What might not be quite so expected is that Charlie, while

* Farnsworth Crowder in the November, 1936, *ROTARIAN* (*Personal Personnel Problems*) told of Charlie Wheeler's place in this company. Mr. Crowder also wrote about him in the February, 1938, *ROTARIAN* in *Taming Waterfront 'Beefs'*.—Eds.

studying shipping and lumber utilization, has taken the time with his myriad of other labors personally to investigate a goodly portion of Rotary International's vast domain of 50-odd countries and other geographical regions not once but several times so he'd know what he's talking about. In a typical travel year of the past two decades he has covered perhaps 20,000 miles, but in 1932, while suffering with a cracked kneecap "so he wasn't worth a darn," he says, he made a journey that took him from San Francisco visiting Rotary Clubs in Panama City; Barranquilla, Colombia; down the West Coast to the principal cities there; over the Andes to Buenos Aires and on up the East Coast to include Puerto Rico, the Isles of the Lesser Antilles, and to New York. Then back to San Francisco, New York again, and across to England and on up through the Scandinavian countries and to Germany, Switzerland, France, and home to San Francisco. Fifty-two thousand miles in all, talking, dreaming, planning for action with Rotary's leaders all along the route, and then perhaps because the ailing kneecap was better by this time, he topped it off with three busi-

ness trips up and down the Pacific Coast before the year was out!

And yet Charlie is no footloose traveller who takes his absences from home lightly. With Mrs. Wheeler and their son, Charles, Jr., he has spent the happiest hours of his life gardening around their home in Hillsborough, a few miles from San Francisco.

A great man for slogans and aphorisms to paste in your hat, Charlie, who knows better than most men the priceless value of time, cherishes this still-preserved reminder of a father's birthday present to his 12-year-old son: "To my son—From this date I give you one hour of my time on each weekday and two hours on Sunday to be used exactly as you want them, without interference of any kind whatsoever." Today Charles, Jr., is with the Glider Division of the U. S. Army Air Force, where his duties have included serving as a pilot instructor. Rotary will find stiff competition for Charlie's time in his admiration for his son's wife, Harriot Forsman Wheeler, and his new granddaughter.

Acutely conscious of the vast latent power inherent in Rotary International's organization and principles, Charlie feels that Ro-



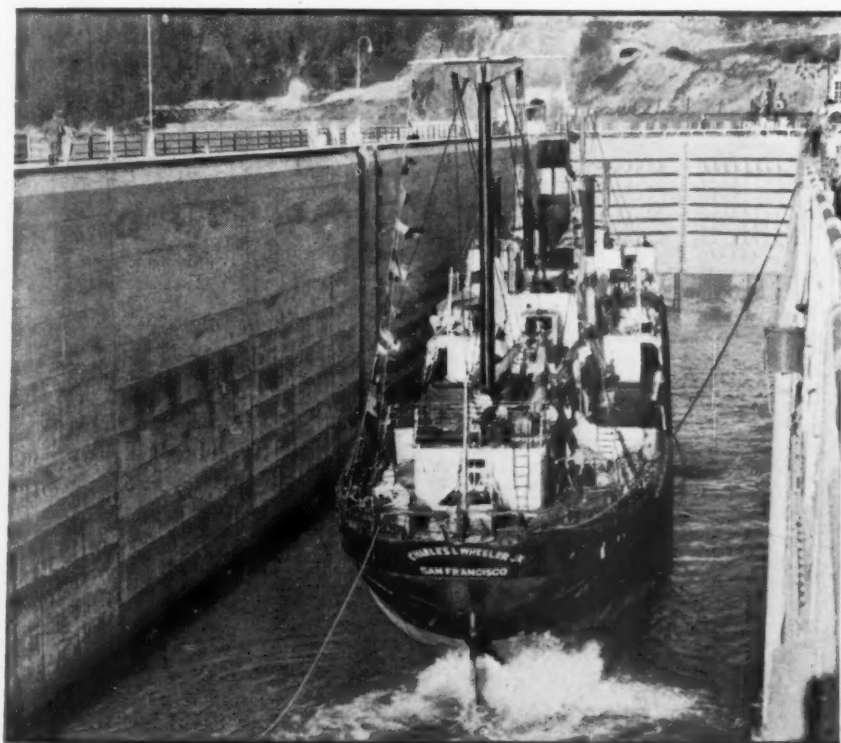
HIS FIRST and third grand prizes, Rotary's President calls these two: Mrs. Wheeler and their granddaughter, Leigh. Her dad, Charles, Jr., is with the Army Air Force.

tary was destined for just such turbulent times as these, when the world needs a force that can make itself felt in applying ideals in a practical way.

"Five thousand communities of Rotary banded together by an ideal to serve not only their respective communities, but the world at large," he says, "can and must be this force. In ordinary times, when everybody is complacent and preoccupied with the ordinary business of living, it's extremely difficult to make even a dent in the world. But today, with our underpinnings wobbling, a trend can be more easily guided. What direction that trend will take is up to us, and now is the time to earn the peace at home—earn it, I say—so we can show our boys when they return that ours has been a good stewardship.

"Before the fires can be kindled for the Third World War"—and here Charlie's eyes narrow—"Rotary International's 51 geographical areas with its army of 205,000 community leaders have their one big chance to give these forces for evil a good, sound kick in the face."

Well, Mr. Editor, this may give you a hint of whom and what Rotary International has chosen for its President. He carries the tang of salt air, the scent of tall timber. From a sailor's standpoint at least, it looks like a good cruise.



THE Charles L. Wheeler, Jr., makes a historic voyage up the Columbia River to The Dalles, Ore. It was the first merchant vessel to steam the 200 miles inland from the sea.

Be of Good Cheer, Little Guy!

FOR nearly 50 years I have been on the headachy end of a payroll, a little payroll which began in 1895 at \$45 a week and has grown with our expanding economy to a payroll of nearly \$1,200 a week; not much of a payroll for some of you readers. But I want to tell you that sometimes along about Wednesday or Thursday that \$1,200 payroll in a Kansas town of 13,000 looms up like a windmill in a fog.

I should explain that I am rap-

idly becoming a survivor in this modern world—a survivor of the premachine age, the age when each community, or at least each State or region, was self-subsistent. There was a time in the memory of men now living, and I am one, when every town or county grew most of its own food, made many of its own clothes, manufactured its own furniture, and in the blacksmith shop, the carpenter shop, the harness shop, and the shoe shops, satisfied most of the

local needs of a rather simple but sturdy civilization.

We can never return to that day, and who would want to? But an executive of that day, the head of a small local industry, was generally the owner of it. And I, with my little \$1,200-a-week payroll in my little country town, I who own in fee simple every stick and scrap of the machinery I have gathered under my roof, and who own the roof above me also, I and my kind are becoming relatively scarce.

WHEN Author White started on the Emporia Gazette, he could set type—do anything; now the work is done by machines run by experts.



Illustrations by
William Randall

**An affirmation of faith for small businessmen:
Article No. 23 in 'A World to LIVE In' series.**

**By William
Allen
White**

And I am scared. I am scared because a complicated civilization is growing on this planet which I seriously fear will wipe me out, me and my kind—the little executive, the man who owns his own shop, who knows every man and woman in the shop, the names of their babies, and their dogs, and the numbers of their cars, and who has a genuine affection for each of them even when we wrangle and differ. I fear that man is on his way to join the mastodon, the dinosaur, the pterodactyl in the museum of a strange, glamorous past.

I am presuming that most of you readers are my kind of an executive. Most of us Rotarians own our businesses, or at least represent an actual majority of our associates. Whether these associates are partners or stockholders, they know something about the business. They are intelligently interested in its prosperity. They share with us an intimate sense of the business, and have a lively and keen appreciation of the fact that the business will prosper only as justice prevails in our country. That sense of ownership in which a patriotic desire to be fair because in the long run it pays good dividends to be fair, is the thing that has kept such nations as mine expanding, making yesterday's visions of young men today's realized dream.

I DON'T know exactly what has happened in the last two or three generations to change the world, but whatever has happened is still happening. Moreover, I am satisfied that as far as your business and mine are concerned, the changes inevitably will grow more and more violent. At the bottom, those changes have come from the great inventions of man, inventions which have created tremendous reservoirs of physical power: Steam in the 18th and 19th Centuries, electricity and the combustion engine in the 20th. But I include as well the vast machines of credit, of organized capital, of organized industry. They also

are potent mechanisms which have made over our civilization—the genii who serve the material monsters who in turn serve mankind.

Let me illustrate again by my own case. I was trained first as a printer, then as a reporter, and served my time hustling circulation and advertising. When I bought my own little newspaper for \$3,000 48 years ago, I could do every process that I asked any employee to do. I could set the type. I could run the press. I could keep books. I could sell advertising, solicit subscriptions, gather the news, and write the editorials. Moreover in that day all my income, or at least a major 90 percent of it, came from within ten miles of my front door. The little machinery that I had could have been bought for less than \$2,000.

Today I stand at the threshold of the mechanical department of my paper, unable to do one single process I learned 60 years ago. Machinery sets the type. Machinery is responsible for every process in the backroom of the *Gazette*, new machinery. It would cost me \$75,000 to assemble that machinery today. My trade territory has expanded from ten miles to 40. Until the depression came I was getting national advertising amounting to about 30 percent of my advertising income. I was hooked into the whole wide world. In 50 years my business as well as yours has come out of the age of self-subsistence into interdependence; interdependence on national commerce, national invention, interdependent indeed upon world currents of industrial influence. Now I am floating as you are, in the vast pool of capital and credit which is a part of the 20th Century civilization. I am a fly set in the amber of the machine age. And so are you.

We little businessmen are no longer individuals, and we may never be again the individuals we were and our fathers were and our fathers' fathers back to Eden. The trouble with me is that I want

to be an individual and so do you. I don't want to go back to the civilization of the 19th Century any more than you do, but I long for the freedom of that far fair day. Yet if we are to keep our freedom, we must learn to move in a new ether. We must be re-born as a new species of individual in this new world. And I am scared stiff that we are going to have a tough time getting accustomed to the new climate.

AS I SAID, whichever way we turn there is danger. First, suppose we say we shall have a laissez-faire government, hands off, a competitive contest with no holds barred. All right, let's go that way for a moment. We little fellows who love our freedom find that of necessity to build machines, men must organize capital. To keep the machines going they must organize, not as individuals but as industries. So before our eyes, often against our wishes, rise great trusts, cartels, syndicates, agreements, patent pools, understandings which form a predatory government of their own quite as dangerous to little fellows like us as the political powers in government which we fear. These huge organized commodity industries inexorably develop intercommodity interests. These amalgamated interests make their agreements and regulations sometimes of dire necessity, world-wide entanglements before which we stand as helpless as we stand before our laws of government.

It is inevitable that this economic self-interest should become a world organization, a super-government. We don't like it. But what can we do about it? If it goes ahead unchecked by God, man, or devil, it soon will transcend not only one Government—but all Governments. And it may finally become a sort of animated hunger as dangerous to the individual as political government at its worst. For sheer self-protec-

tion, this world roving giant will become predatory, indeed a paranoid intellectual mechanism — jealous, suspicious, full of fears, justifying for its own self-preservation the lust to kill and destroy its enemies. The prospect down that alley does not look encouraging for the independent executive. You and I down there will become sausage meat!

ALL RIGHT, suppose we take another avenue. Suppose we say we shall attain safety and salvation by going to government. We are merely trading masters. We are in grave danger down that road of finding ourselves at the tender mercies of an agency which controls and regulates all international commerce. How easy it will be to slip from government control of industry into government ownership. Then we shall see government as an international merchandising concern, dumping surpluses, horse-trading with other Governments, establishing a forced economic set-up that shall aim at controlling world commerce. Moreover in the nature of things political, I fear that this monster animated by pressure groups assembled into political majorities may be a clumsy, noisy idiot, inbred by party politics. I have no doubt the world government will try to be benevolent. But with all that power in few hands, where will democratic government find the intelligence plus the integrity to operate so huge and so complex an economic machine? At any rate, you and I, with our executive talents, shall have little chance for our kind of freedom in that world. If this were a logical world, I should say that we little fellows may have today to choose only between being devoured by an egoistic paranoid or tromped upon by an altruistic political imbecile.

Yet you and I know there must be some kind of an international understanding, some attempt to establish justice among men on this earth in the interest of peace, in the interests of the very forces, commerce and industry, to which the age seems to be committed. Consider the alternative. Suppose we say we are going to isolate ourselves, run our own show. Yes, we are going to try to develop

and organize equitably the commerce and industry within our own continental, or even let us say hemispherical, boundaries. What then?

In the first place, an isolated country would have to arm to the teeth. It would have to pay taxes to maintain a standing army of many millions of men and, in the case of the United States, a two-ocean navy with air and naval bases from Newfoundland to Brazil in the Atlantic and from Bering Sea to Australia in the Pacific. Alone we should have to enforce the Monroe Doctrine on everything south of the Rio Grande. No small job that in a world in which everyone will be for himself and the devil take the hindmost. It would be root, hog, or die for Uncle Sam. I seriously fear that commercial freedom will disappear from earth unless the United States helps to police the world and enforce for a generation, and maybe for a century, the terms of the peace that shall follow this war. We can have in this new complex civilization only as much national freedom for ourselves as we are willing to guarantee to others. It would cost us more to maintain our own freedom isolated in a hostile world than it would cost to help police the globe. If we build a tariff wall about our own country excluding the goods of all others who do not climb the tariff wall, we are doomed to an economy of scarcity. For if we do not let the world, within the bounds of commonsense, bring its goods to us, we cannot expect it to take our goods in a one-sided bargain.

WE LITTLE fellows will find our businesses circumscribed and our initiative fitted to the cramped necessity of a home market. We tried that in the 1920s and went "gloriously bust." There is no great future for the free independent executive in the United States if we turn our backs on world trade.

In the mild cataclysm which has been changing the life of humanity for 100 years, we men who have been blessed with a knack for administrative work, we men of five talents, we middle-class leaders, have ridden the tide safely. Our rewards in the machine

age have been steady and substantial. Also I may add, not without pride, that we have given value received for every dollar of tribute that has come to us. For the world has needed what we have to sell, the talent we have used keeping store, running factories, organizing banks, administering universities and schools, directing organized medicine, opening for use and under conservation vast new resources of the land and the mines and the forests. Our job has been well done. But now the old job is in danger.

YET FOR ALL my excitement, I want to tell you this: Don't be afraid! This world confusion, which amounts to terror, is the birth pains of a new era. I beg of you to keep your shirts on. Let Nature take her course. She will anyway. For I am satisfied that deep in the heart of humanity, like the tree pattern in the acorn, is imbedded the life pattern of an expanding sense of justice. Maybe it's human; maybe it's divine. How should we know? But it has been unfolding since the beginning of man's journey on this earth. Age by age we have come into our inheritance. Sometimes we have taken hard detours. But sooner or later, every invention of man, from the lever to electricity, has been harnessed to the common service of us all.

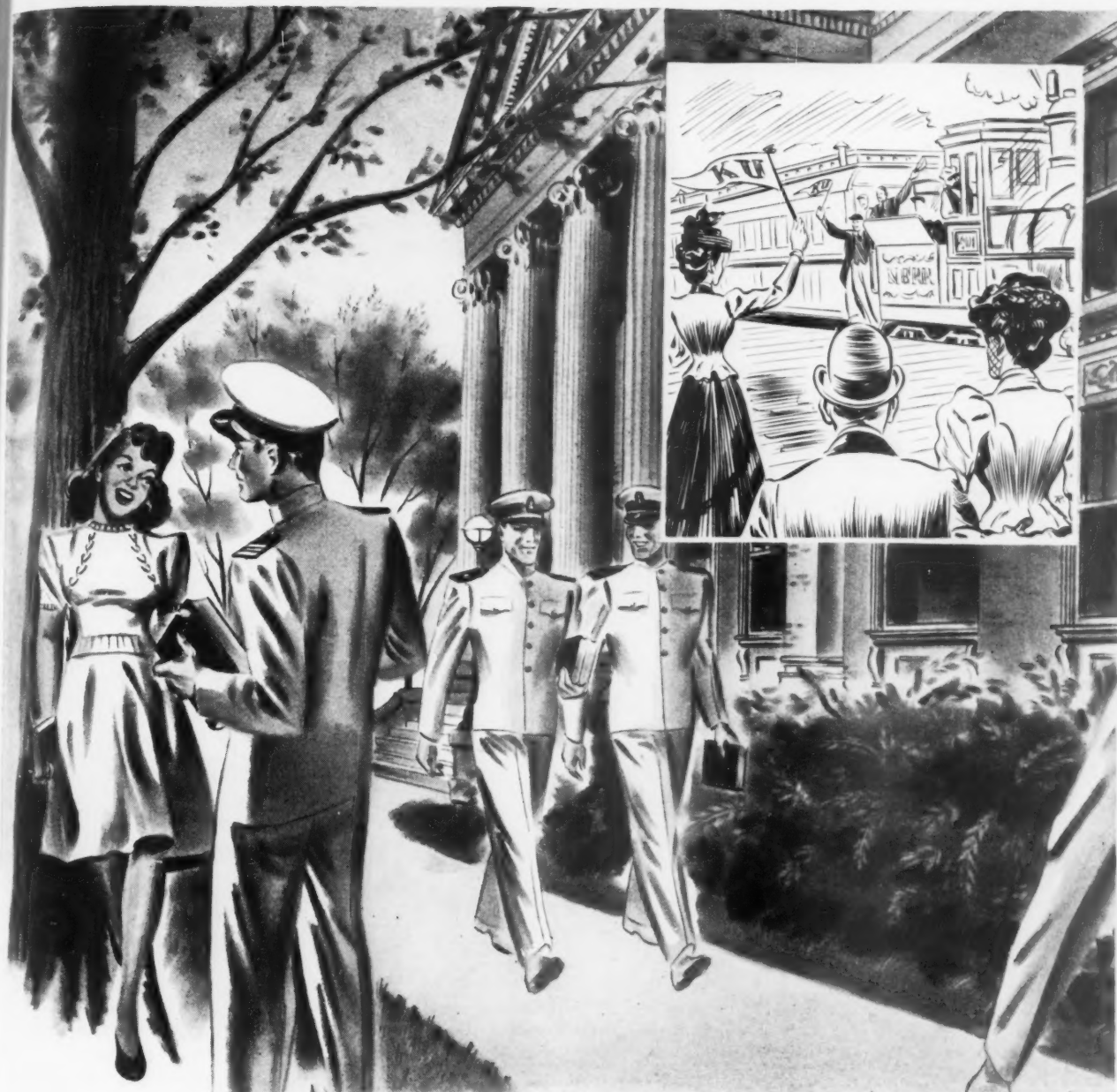
If I would show you a modern miracle in the evolutionary process of man's desire to be generous and fair and kind to his fellows, I would point to the marvellous expansion in these last 75 years of certain fundamental services—services that are necessary for comfort and happiness in human relations. Let me illustrate. Sixty years ago I was one of three boys in our town who went to the University of Kansas. Today in that same town hundreds are going to the University or its equivalent. When I was a child, the only public health service we had was the pest house. Today in my little country town we have a beautiful up-to-the-minute county hospital, a county health unit with a full-time doctor devoted to preventive medicine and a public nursing unit, State inspection of food, pure water for a nominal price to everyone, sewers, dental care for chil-

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"SIXTY years ago I was one of three boys in our town who went to the University of Kansas. Today in that town hundreds are going."

dren, toxins and serums that have wiped out many contagious diseases. All this is available to the common man. When I was a boy, mud roads and the horse and buggy made it hard for anyone to move more than 25 miles a day from his home base. Then came the railroad. After that followed the invention of the combustion engine. That also has been democratized. Today everyone employed in the *Gazette* has some kind of a car. Two years ago we used to quit work Saturday noon and the *Gazette* employees, indeed all the people in my town practically, could be 100 or 200 miles away enjoying themselves

over Sunday. The widened horizon of man has made a new kind of citizen. Moreover on gloomy days we can all hear the news of the world, hear the great symphonies or turn the radio loose and let it babble all day like the family idiot as it please. Or we can go to the picture show and see far countries, distant places, hear beautiful stories to refresh our spirits.

These amazing advances are the assured common inheritance of the common man. They have not been worked out consciously. Their achievement was not the goal of one reformer. They have been folk miracles. They have

come in the evolutionary process of man's unfolding life—progress piled on progress.

Please don't misunderstand me. These things did not just happen. These changes toward better, easier, nobler living have come because men were free, because in the shop and in the office they could wrangle when wrangling was wise. They could go ahead when progress was necessary. In politics they could dream and aspire and make fools of themselves, debate, challenge, quarrel, and go to the polls with their fool proposals as well as their wise ones. And out of it all the evolutionary process [Continued on page 58]



ZZZ-zzz! Bang! "Ouch, my thumb!" This shop keeps these Hamtramck, Mich., boys coming to their play school. Their mothers and dads work in Detroit.

THE Forgotten Youngsters in this day of working mothers are the pigtail-and-knicker crowd. Five's to 12's don't have the heart-tug appeal of helpless infants and toddlers, but they need as much care as their younger brothers and sisters. More, perhaps, for the mothers of very young children are generally discouraged from entering war plants, while everyone applauds the woman industrial recruit whose children are "old enough to look after themselves."

Physical care is only part of it. "Door-key children," thrown on their own, aware that nobody is waiting at home to welcome or to check upon them when school is out, get into all kinds of emotional and behavior messes that range from a subtle sense of "nobody cares" that may warp their personalities for the rest of their lives, to immediate out-and-out delinquency.

This is a problem arising in all countries straining under war effort. Britain, for example, is giv-

ing it serious attention, for what profiteth it to win battles at the front, but to lose them at home among children to whom civilization must look to carry on in the years ahead?

Play schools have begun to appear in the United States to take care of the Forgotten Youngsters, though there is as yet but one for every 12 established nurseries, of which there are all too few. The idea got its start during World War I, when a group of philanthropic New York City women established an out-of-school-hours play school. Today there are 18 Summer play schools and three after-school play schools in New York. Cleveland, New Orleans, Boston, and Detroit and its suburbs have affiliated groups of play schools, all originally started off by the parent organization—the Play Schools Association.

Play schools are more than just a place to park children, to keep them out of mischief; more than provision for good physical care,

Keep 'em *Busy*

Play schools do it while their parents work in war factories.

By Edith M. Stern

hot meals, and regular health supervision. In addition, constructively, they convert the confusion and demoralization caused by drafted fathers and working mothers. They teach through play, build character, and stabilize youthful emotions turbulent under current conditions.

For instance: supervised war play is a release for war fears. In one play school little boys constructed cardboard tanks. Then they had a great time rolling about in them, shouting loud bangs, releasing energies that might otherwise have gone into throwing stones at windows. Group projects, in which each has his share and obligations, help youngsters to understand and to take on the responsibilities of democracy. One play school has a "toycery." The

children mend broken toys and lend them to other boys and girls on circulating-library principles. I watched a group of 8-year-old girls using scrap materials to make gay caps. "For poor children," they told me gravely; they themselves were poor! Red Cross work and salvage collecting build better future citizens than running wild or organizing in rowdy gangs.

Programs include reading, stories, trips in the community, music, arts and crafts, dramatizations, puppets, gardening, and homemaking. For older children there are photography, carpentry, science. But this isn't "more school after school." The emphasis is all on play, and any learning that comes through doing is incidental.

There is direction, but no compulsion. Children are free to speak their minds. "Play school stinks," small Irene remarked. "You needn't keep coming, Irene," was all the teacher answered. But Irene kept coming religiously, and now she has reached the point

where she says, "On the one hand, I like play school, and, on the other, I don't." Groups decide whether they shall have indoor or outdoor play first, and individual children may, at any time, stop what they're doing and get passes for the playground. Groups elect clay modelling instead of storytelling on a particular day; they may, if they wish, "sew even on the days the sewing teacher doesn't come."

Because the philosophy of play-school teaching differs from that of regular schoolteaching, the Play Schools Association gives a 72-hour teacher-training course. The children's activities are under professional direction, but volunteer assistants, trained in a 60-hour course, are needed and welcomed. One such volunteer was a 72-year-old woman whose only qualification upon enrollment was that she "loved children." She is

working out well; in these days of broken homes a gentle grandmother is a real asset.

No small part of the play schools' preservation of social values lies in their enlistment of parents. Mothers and fathers are encouraged to visit. If they can't visit, they receive weekly mimeographed bulletins. Mothers are organized into discussion groups, which take up such common problems as how to deal with children's war fears, how to maintain discipline in disrupted homes. Also, teachers confer individually with mothers, know children better than the average public-school teacher can, because of the smaller groups—ideally, no larger than 25—and because a child is most himself at play.

Go about it right, and it's amaz-



AHOY, New York! The good ship *America* hoves into port, bringing the tots of the Long Island City, N. Y., play school who built her. Note Liberty's gay half-hose.



A SCRAP DRIVE gets under way at a New York City play school. Play's the thing in these happy establishments. Some of it is aimless; much of it, like this, has a point to make.

ing how inexpensive it is to set up a play school. First you get volunteers to survey your community, to find out the number and ages of children needing out-of-school-hours care, and at what hours. Then you beg or borrow space in public or private schools, Y's or settlement houses, community centers, churches, or empty houses; get sponsorship by the board of education, Council of Social Agencies, women's clubs, unions, etc., to coördinate resources and to raise funds. Equip-

ment can be a something-from-nothing miracle. Furniture can be made of orange crates, butter tubs, big blocks of sand-filled cartons; tenpins of empty pop bottles wrapped in heavy paper. Thanks to this using of whatever is at hand, one New York play school was organized at a cost of \$200.

Parents pay whatever they can toward maintenance expenses of teachers' salaries, provision of lunches or suppers, health supervision, and general running expenses. Deficits vary in different

THREE LITTLE maids from play school—filling ration kits they and their playmates will take into a New York City air-raid shelter during drills. This is very serious work!

All photos: Play Schools Assn.



communities, of course; but children, emotionally and physically healthy, are cheap at any price. Continually, while I was visiting play schools, I kept thinking, "What would be happening to these children—immediately and later—if they weren't here?" Precocious 12-year-old Mildred, for example, who likes movies and boys, and has the key to an apartment empty until her mother arrives home late from work in a war plant. Or Benny, who declares, "I like to be bad because I like to be different," and for the first fortnight of Winter play school would do nothing but read "funnies," then developed into a star airplane-model maker. Or the 6-year-old group who at the beginning of the session wanted to "run and scream," were allowed to do just that for a while, then settled peacefully down into making oilcloth bags, building block cities, and singing.

In only nine States in the United States is legal supervision required for day-care agencies. It's up to you whether your community is going to preserve in its school-age children those values for which we're fighting, or whether it is going to abandon them to their own pitifully inadequate moral resources. If, now, we lose the kind of future citizens we want in the United States, we cannot win the peace.

If You'd Read On—

End note It's a serious problem these play schools you've just read about are helping to solve. Jessie Binford told just how serious, and how universal, it is in *Don't Forget the Children* in the February *ROTARIAN*. But despite the increasing numbers of working mothers and the growing flocks of "children adrift," Sociologist William F. Ogburn thinks "there'll always be a family"—and said so in an article by that title in the November, 1942, issue.

They meet the problem of day care for war workers' children much the same way in Australia as elsewhere: See *Check Your Child?*, by George Stewart, in the October, 1942, issue.

Any community contemplating establishment of a play school may become a member of the Play Schools Association upon payment of a small fee. The address is 1841 Broadway, New York, New York. Anyone interested chiefly in care of tots should see *How to Start a Nursery School*, by Ruth Leigh, in *Good Housekeeping*, December, 1942.—Eds.

Soldier of the Soil

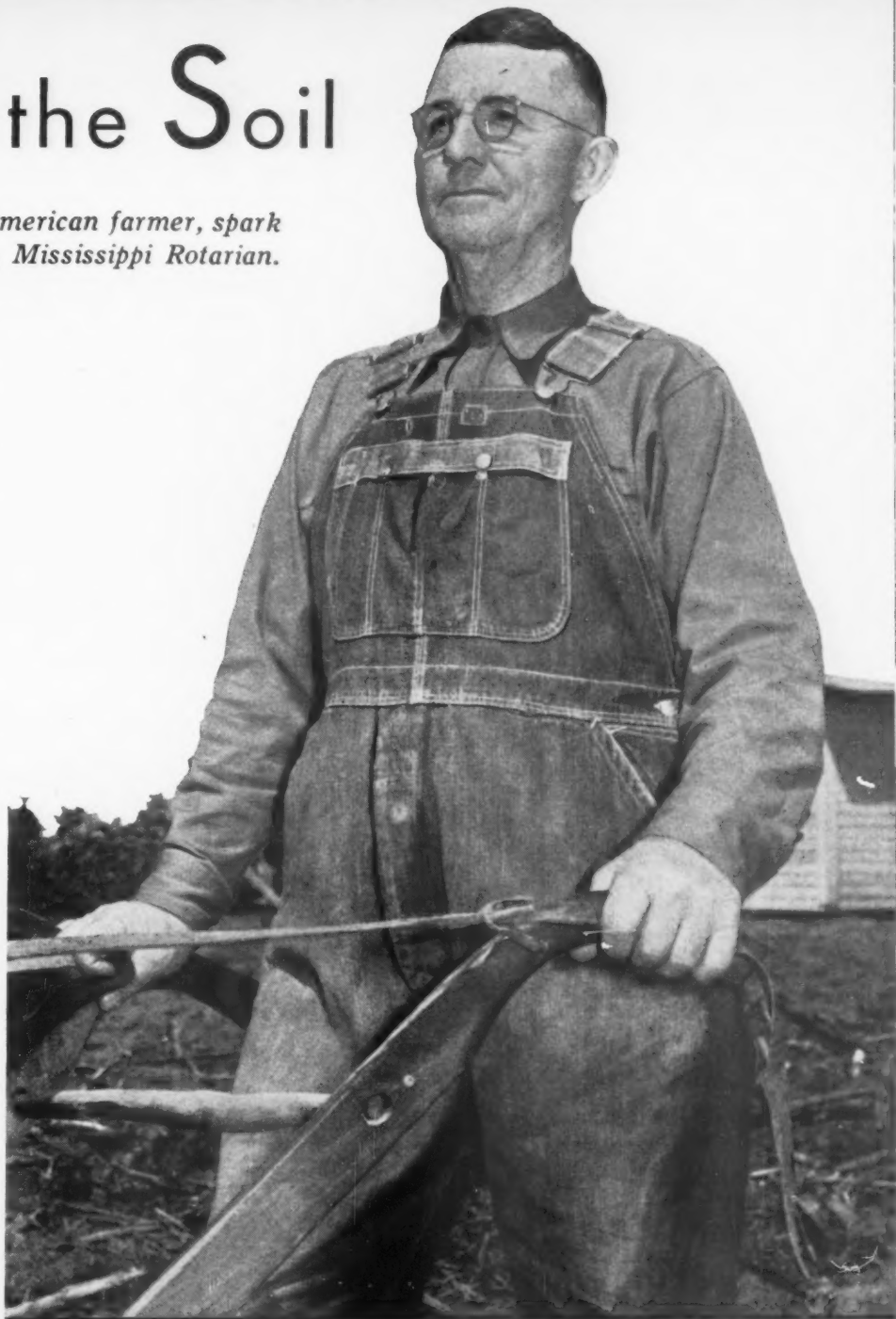
Meet this fighting American farmer, spark plug of civic action, Mississippi Rotarian.

MARQUIS DeLafayette Lantrip is out to win the war. His share of it. Maybe more. His uniform is a pair of Big Ben overalls. His area of operations, 190 acres of rich red clay in northeastern Mississippi. His objective: to make those acres yield more food and fiber than logic says they possibly can.

"Fate" Lantrip will reach it. So will millions of other fighting farmers and the hundreds of Rotarians among them whom he typifies. They know this kind of war. For most of the 66 years of his life, "Fate" Lantrip has battled pest and scrub and wind and washout to bring the soil of his native Calhoun County to its richest fruition. Sixteen years ago, for instance — after he'd made a garden of the little farm he and his bride had taken as youngsters—he bought the sickest "place" in the county. Wanted to be near Calhoun City—where now you'll find him at Rotary every Thursday noon. What he did with those 190 gullied ghostly acres has ranked him Number One dirt farmer of the whole Midsouth.

That is not rhetoric. Last December 11 "Fate" Lantrip won a \$500 prize and trophy for which 103,000 farmers in four States had competed . . . in the Plant-to-Prosper Contest sponsored by the Memphis (Tennessee) *Commercial Appeal*. He had won hands down.

And that barely introduces this soldier of the soil. Now read on.



NOW MEET the mistress of the modest Lantrip home—"Fate's" childhood sweetheart and wife, Laura Jane. Expert with child and chick, saucepan and hoe, she has hustled from cockcrow till dark every day of her life—and loves it.

HAPPIEST day in "Fate's" career comes when, with his wife and granddaughters, he receives the Plant-to-Prosper trophy from Memphis editor Rotarian Frank A. Ahlgren. To see how he had earned it, turn the page.



'Fate' Lantrip took land like this . . . patiently nursed the sick soil ba he



THESE were the "greener pastures" the Lantrips bought when, 16 years ago, they sought a place nearer town. Gullied, worn out, or overgrown with briars and sweetgums, the 190-acre farm looked hopeless—but not to the Lantrips.



FIRST STEP was to anchor the soil . . . a project in which Farmer Lantrip wisely enlisted the aid of soil experts. Here he and two county conservationists examine the Winter-cover crop which thatches down his cotton



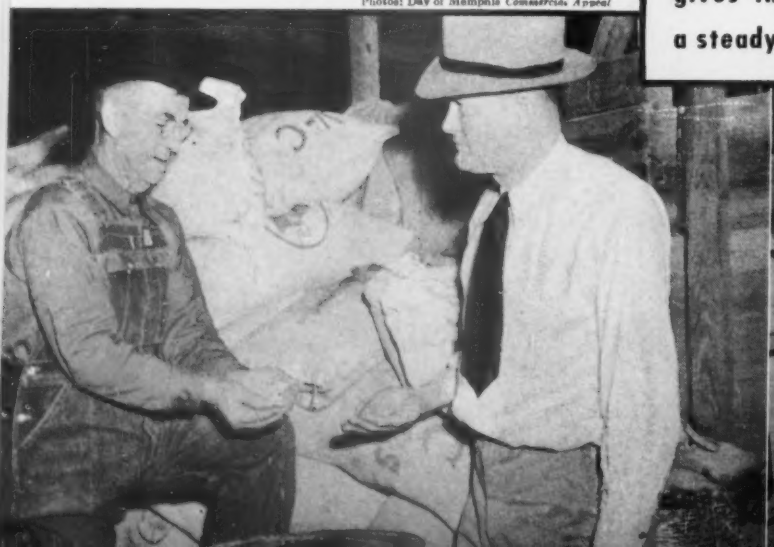
IT TAKES time—but his strawberry patch pays "Fate" well. So does his two-acre truck garden; below, he and County Agent Rotarian J. W. Hollandsworth examine some pea seed.

Photos: Day of Memphis Conservation Appeal

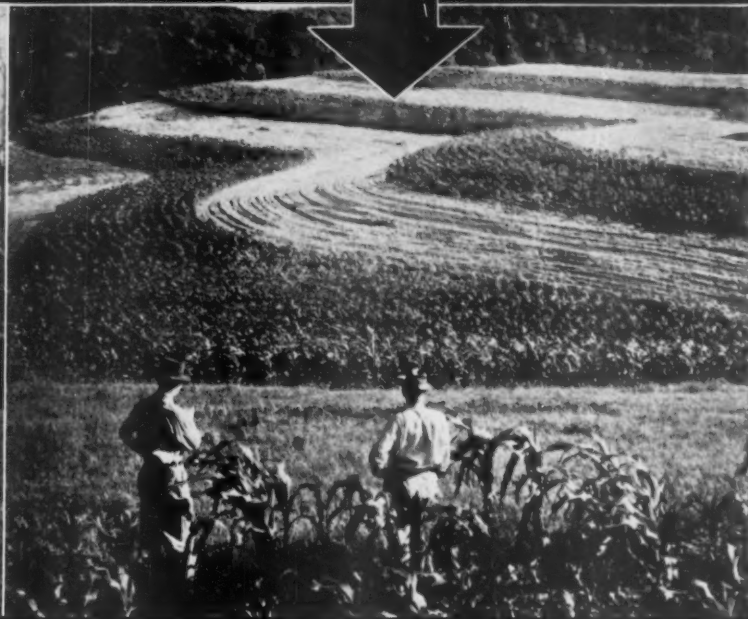


Small crops, but many of them, are the formula that gives this farm a steady income

PRIZE-WINNING ears from acres that never knew corn. Below: Mrs. Lantrip—and fruits of toil. She and "Fate" make all but \$40 worth of food for their well-set table in

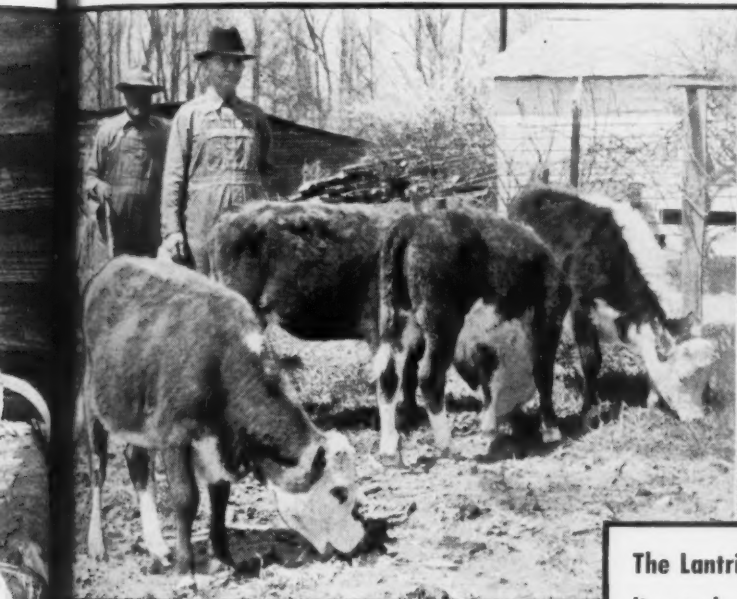


il ba health . . . diversified his crops . . . and got rewarding results like this



ARMER Lantrip diversified his crops to eye his throne. Lespedeza hay is one. Here County Soil Conservationist Charles A. Cox and Rotarian Lantrip inspect a handful of it.

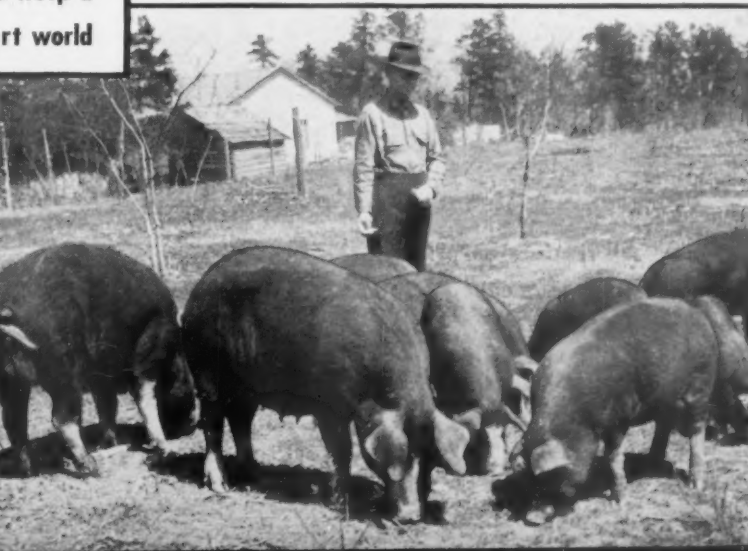
SIXTEEN years of loving labor and longheaded methods (note the contour planting) have made this Mississippi farm one of the greenest gardens in the Midsouth. "Fate" Lantrip has given conservationists an almost perfect text.



ONE OF the Lantrip beef calves. "Fate" owns a purebred Shorthorn bull, aims at all purebred stock. . . . Below: "Fate's" sons David and Jonathan, best pullers in Calhoun County.

The Lantrips make livestock pay . . . and have doubled output to help a food-short world

MRS. LANTRIP has 190 Barred Rock hens, gets about 175 eggs a day. . . . "Fate" started 1943 with 90 head of hogs—these (below) are breeding stock—is now doubling his pork output.



'Fate' Lantrip knows there's a war on He's up to his ears in



HIS mailbox is Farmer Lantrip's main connection with a world at war . . . bringing him more letters, literature, news, appeals—and checks—than ever.

PEAK production is this rugged Mississippian's primary objective for 1943. Last year he coaxed food and fiber worth \$6,847 from his 190 rich red acres. This year he is shooting at \$5,000 worth of food products alone, and \$2,000 worth of critically needed long staple cotton.

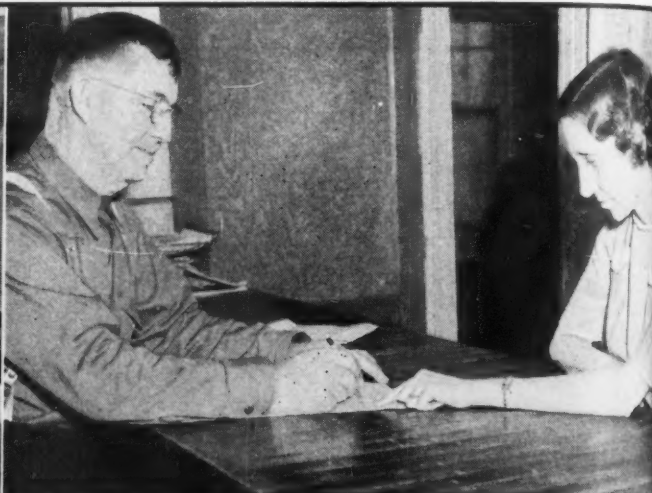
That's a job, but Rotarian Lantrip has it so well in hand—in one hand, in fact—that he finds time also to head his Selective Service Board, his Soil Conservation District, a seven-county poultry association, his Sunday-school class, and a dozen other no less important groups. Somehow, too, he works in many a trip to the post office—to buy bonds. In 1942 he bought \$4,225 worth—almost 100 percent of his net income.



"GOOD on his feet," Rotarian Lantrip tells Memphis, Tenn., Rotarians about farmers' war goals at winning the Plant-to-Prosper trophy in their



THE CALHOUN County Selective Service Board meets with "Chairman 'Fate.'" With him are G. L. Carter and T. L. Cole and Secretary Mary Mitchell.



"FATE" LANTRIP takes on a job . . . as Lottie Dees, of the county office, shows him where to sign his 1943 War Production Program Farm Plan.

BUT FOR ALL the hustle bustle, the Lantrips often stop to enjoy the beauties of rural living . . . and to plan a future their many war bonds will ex



AN EPIC OF AMERICA

— WITH APOLOGIES TO JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS [FOR THE USE OF HIS TITLE] AND COMMENT BY

CHANNING POLLOCK

TWO months before Pearl Harbor, my train from Edgemont, South Dakota, due at 10:15 A.M., appeared shortly after noon, and went on losing time steadily. Across the aisle from me sat an old lady who was gravely concerned. She kept asking the brakeman how late we were, and when the conductor came for my ticket, she appealed to him with a note of desperation. "I got to catch another train that leaves Lincoln at midnight," she said. "Ain't we going to get there before that?"

"Lincoln, Nebraska?" the conductor replied. "We're supposed to arrive there at 11:30 P.M., but we're two hours behind now. I'm afraid you won't make it."

The old lady sat bolt upright, and stared straight ahead of her. That was what had attracted my attention when I entered the car. She was not the "little old lady" who wins quick solicitude; she was tall and rawboned, with sharp, gray eyes and a large, straight mouth, and she never touched the back of her seat. She wore a faded print dress and a tweed overcoat almost like a man's. Her hands—like a man's, too—were so tightly clasped that there were white surfaces on the wrinkled red flesh. I put down my book and crossed the aisle.

"Can I do anything to help you?" I asked.

She seemed surprised.

"I don't know," she answered, and her voice was not hard, but warm and pleasant. "I've come all the way from Sheridan to go to my son's funeral in Illinois, and if we miss the train at Lincoln, I'll be late."

"Can't you telegraph, and ask them to wait?"

That hadn't occurred to her. I wrote the message, and sent it from the next station. The old lady insisted on paying, and, reluctantly, I took the silver she picked out of a very flat purse. I asked her to lunch with me.

"I got my lunch in this box," she said, "and my breakfast and dinner, but I don't want it. Rob was my only boy." Instantly repenting the weakness, she added: "We all got to die. Rob wasn't a farmer, like us. He was in business. Robert Parker. My name's Mattie Parker. My husband's Robert, too, but he couldn't come with me. It's harvest time."

"Do you live at Sheridan?"

"Near it," she answered. "We've farmed three different places in Montana. We came out when I was a child—in 1866, that was—before the Custer Massacre, and when Indians was poison. Lots of people came then, looking for gold. We came in wagons from Illinois, and my father got killed on the way. Mother pushed on. There was five of us children, and my oldest brother was almost a man. Sixteen, he was, and able to look after the family. Anyhow, there wasn't no way to go back. Ma took sick on the road, so we never got to the gold country. Two or three families stopped off, and cleared some land, and built cabins. It was better at that, I guess. Dirt's better than gold, if you work it. Everybody worked in those days. John—that's my brother—he always started before sunup, and kept on till it was too dark to see. There wasn't no hired men, or hired girls, neither. Ma did the cooking and washing and sewing, and helped outside, too. So did the rest of us. I did a lot of cooking and washing when I was 12, and I still do. I'm past 80 now."

"You've done well," I suggested.

"Middlin'," Mattie Parker said. "Good years and bad years. We got some cattle, and that helps. Cattle's the best thing out here. You got to take the bad with the good. Young folks don't seem to know that. My Rob—that's the one having the funeral—soon's we had a couple of lean years, Rob wanted to get out. Wanted to live in a town, anyhow, where there was movies and fun. You can't blame him. We never had any fun, Rob said. I guess we was too busy to miss it. We couldn't stop and get licked. There wasn't nobody to help us, like we helped Rob to get to Illinois."

"When I was a kid, my brother John's place burned down in dead of Winter. Everything went—tools and everything. John started a new house as soon as the old one stopped burning. What he got from the other men, he paid



"HER HANDS were so tightly clasped there were white surfaces on the wrinkled flesh."

back. John wasn't owin' nobody nothin', and me and my husband never did. Rob was a good boy, but he liked fun. You can't blame him. Maybe we worked so hard he got tired before he was born. Anyhow, he didn't like farming. Rob was in the insurance business when he died, and he got along, with some help from his father. I don't know what his family's going to do now; come to us, I guess. Of course, Rob always knew they could come to us. We got plenty of room, and there'll always be something to eat while his Pa can plow, and I can cook, and that's going to be some time yet. The young folks, they didn't have the advantages we had. They'll learn when they get some hard knocks, like we did."

"Couldn't you take a nap?" I asked.

Mattie shook her grisled head.

"I can't seem to want to eat or sleep. You go get your dinner."

She was still bolt upright when I returned from lunch, still staring ahead of her, and I went back to my book. At 7 o'clock I begged her to go with me into the restaurant car, but she had eaten a bit of chicken from her shoe box, and was fearful of restaurant cars. The train kept on losing time. We were three hours late, and then four. Soon after dark, the few other passengers curled up in their seats, and dropped off, but not Mattie. I had been in that day coach nearly 12 hours, and was worn out. Mattie had climbed aboard at 4:40 that morning. She may have been tired, too, but she didn't show it.

We reached Lincoln shortly after 3 A.M. There were no porters, and, against her protest, I helped Mattie into the almost-vacant waiting room. Then I went to get information as to the rest of her journey. The next train for her destination in Illinois was due to leave just before 8 A.M. "You'd better come to the hotel and get some sleep," I said.

"I'll be all right here."

"I reserved two rooms," I lied, "and my friend couldn't come. I'll have to pay for 'em, anyway; you may as well have one."

The sharp eyes looked straight through me.

"Thanks," Mattie said, "but I'll

sit on one of them benches. I don't need nothin'. In my day, you got so you took it as it came. You been kind, and thanks, but I can look out for myself."

She was sitting bolt upright, staring ahead, when I crawled into my taxi. Through the waiting-room window I could see her tightly clasped hands. She was "past 80," and she would have been sitting upright 32 hours when she left that next train for the funeral of her boy.

That's the stuff we were made of, and that a good many other peoples were made of, and that began oozing out of the world with lush years of prosperity and the facilitations of the machine age. It wasn't only in Dakota or Montana or America that there was pioneer stock, and not all of it rode in covered wagons. Men conquered the bush in Australia and New Zealand, and adventured in South America and elsewhere, but for a while after the bush had been conquered, and the pioneering done, the same kind of courage and enterprise and hardihood was required in agriculture and business and industry.

Then something began happening to our tribe and other tribes—something historically recurrent

Difficulties must be overcome.

Isn't that what difficulties are made for?

—From an editorial in
Rotary in Africa

that had happened in ancient Greece and Rome. Millions of people made money easily, and even for those who didn't industrial science brought a degree of comfort and luxury hitherto beyond vision. Men left their farms for the pleasures and less trying labor of the cities—as Mattie's son Rob did, and as countless farmers' sons did in the last years of the Roman Republic. For millions of other men and women in the cities, life became pretty much "beer and skittles"—not very hard work, movies and radios and motorcars and electric refrigeration. In some ways,

that was highly desirable, of course. Most of my generation knew men like Mattie's brother John, who "started before sunup, and kept on till it was too dark to see," and women like Mattie—many of them our mothers and grandmothers—gnarled and old at 50; men and women who "never had any fun."

But there must be a middle ground, and we didn't stop there. As I have related in my autobiography, *Harvest of My Years*, my father was born in a village in what is now Czechoslovakia. He and his brothers and sisters trudged five miles to school and five miles back to their home. Three or four years ago, several hundred young students in New York went on strike, and their parents picketed, because they were transferred from one public school to another *six blocks away*. That compelled many of the children to walk a quarter of a mile. Crops rotted because people on Government relief refused to harvest them, labor-union leaders began agitating for a 30-hour week, and—believe it or not—convicts in a State penitentiary struck for the right to wear silk underclothing.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Americans are learning to do without motorcars nowadays, and shall have learned to do without much else before victory is won. They shall learn to work as they haven't in years—and like it! Already, their physical, mental, and moral muscles are hardening again. Millions of boys are subject to the discipline and dangers of armed service; they are fighting with a grit that many of us began to doubt at the time when student bodies were insisting on peace at any price. This is true all over the world. The Greeks, who not long ago seemed on the way to decadence, have written a new chapter of their glorious history. This savage and agonizing war, with its horror and destruction, may have saved us from a fate as evil as Hitlerism—the fate of scores of other nations that grew soft, and declined and fell.

As Mattie said, "You got to take the bad with the good." I think of that old lady now, not as a relic of the World That Was, but as a symbol of hope for the World to Be.

New Friends

By Charles Hanson Towne

ESSAYISTS have constantly written of friendship. But when one comes to think of it, they have all taken the same point of view concerning one of the most precious of human relations; that is, they have invariably lauded those bonds which bind people together as strongly as lovers. They have praised the enduring qualities of friendship and told us that "no man is useless while he has a friend." Of Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, a poet once wrote:

He was in friendship what he was in art—

Wax to receive, but metal to endure.

The lasting, the lifelong friend has been celebrated, but who has told of those sudden, yet nonetheless strong ties so dear to those with any imagination? These, too, like light love, have their uses; and they should not be neglected in any appraisal of the holy state of friendship. They may, indeed, be but the expression of a swift emotion; and some may hold that they are to the deeper feelings what flirtation is to sacred love.

Friendship has been called the "mysterious cement of the soul." And Bacon has told us that "it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half."

We learn, from all the wise men of the world, that friendship is a partnership. The load of life is

easier to bear if it is carried on the shoulders of two.

There are those—and fortunate indeed they are—who have a gift for this kind of camaraderie. They seem to draw friends to themselves with little effort; but in truth nothing so strong and established as a lifelong friendship is attained without effort.

I remember reading, in my early youth, a line written by William Dean Howells. He said that he and Mark Twain had been friends for over 40 years; and I thought, amazed, that if any human relation could endure that long, it was worth more than rubies. When, in the whirligig of time, they could not see each other, they corresponded. Fine letter writers, both, how one should like to get one's eye upon the pages they exchanged! Separation sometimes only strengthens friendship; but messages of some sort must be sent if the "mysterious cement" is to last. Silence is golden; yet it can be so exasperating, so unendurable, that it kills the very thing one most cherishes.

Those of middle age would do well to look around before it is too late, and consider younger people coming over the hill. Friends of one's own age go away to seek new fields; or, unhappily, they disappear altogether from the earthly

scene; and the gaps must be filled, if one is wise. It is not only the old who can teach us things; we learn, too, from those active minds of the young and stalwart—those vigorous dreamers who have fresh visions before their eyes.

New occasions teach new duties,

Time makes ancient good uncouth.

Ideas are not the exclusive property of the old. As eyes become dimmer through the years, so the mind may have a little cloud before it, and soon a myopic vision takes the place of clear seeing. One should never refuse to gaze in every direction—preferably toward the future. Constant backward glancing may lead to destruction. No one wishes to become a pillar of salt.

SO TAKE ON new friends as you take on new enterprises. Listen to the fledglings trying their wings. A new voice has a robust quality that is lacking in the old. Learn to be a good audience. You will not agree with everything you hear, but you will become more and more enlightened, less likely to slip into a nice, comfortable groove. An open mind is something for which to strive.

Yet, as you go on seeking new friends, new faces, new voices, by no means neglect those old and valued friends who are one of life's greatest blessings.

Illustrations by Ben Albert Benson





"LONG LIVE King Haakon VII"—often is found scrawled in public places. Below: Lutheran bishops who resigned in protest against Nazi domination.



WHEN TEACHERS quit, rather than to become members of the National Socialist party, Norwegians set up impromptu schools in private homes (below).



KING HAAKON of Norway is 70, but erect and vital. Beside him stands his son, Crown Prince Olav, the author of this article. Photos: Three Lions; Acme; Black Star

Crown Prince Olav: *News from Norway*

NORWAY had been at peace for more than 125 years when, on the night of April 8, 1940, the aggressor struck with powerful forces. By early next morning most of our large cities were in his hands. The fighting in Norway, beginning in the South with improvised organizations and continuing in the North with more regular units, lasted for 62 days. That, I note with pride, is a longer period of resistance to the invader than any other European nation, except Russia, has maintained.

When the fighting had to be given up, the King and his Government decided that the struggle should continue, that we were only temporarily giving up our Norwegian soil, and that what forces and economic assets we could give to the Allied cause should be freely given. In the three years which have since passed, all reports from Norway show that the people are loyal to their King and Government and to their traditions as free people.

Norway is fighting on two fronts—an inner front and an outer front. Today, on our outer front, we have our merchant navy, which is our greatest contribution

to the cause of the Allies. When in 1940 the Norwegian merchant fleet was taken over by a decree made to the accompaniment of German bombs, the King and his Government called upon all Norwegian shipping outside of enemy hands to serve the Allied cause. Not a single ship's company, not a single master, faltered in answering that call, and they have since loyally and bravely engaged in the battle of the seas wherever ships sail in these perilous times. During the Winter of 1940-41 the Norwegian tanker fleet and merchant navy were the equivalent of a million trained soldiers at that period of the war. Those are not my words; they are the words of British shipping journals, which presumably know what they're talking about.

Apart from this, we have a Navy of some 70 ships, an Air Force, and a small Army in Scotland. We have in operation today two full fighter squadrons based close to London which have figured in the news fairly often and have proved themselves capable of holding their own against any squadrons anywhere in the world. Our training centers for the Air Force are

in Canada, and for the Army and Navy in Britain.

All this has been built by Norwegians from all over the world and from Norway itself. Thousands of Norwegians have found their way across the North Sea in open boats to England, or across the border, at the risk of their lives, into Sweden. Many unfortunately have not reached their destinations. Some have gone down in small ships; others have been intercepted and shot up by the enemy. Others have been caught in the act of leaving the country and have been shot as hostages.

That gives you in briefest detail an outline of our outer front. It is the inner front, or the home front, upon which the stress falls in this article. In the Autumn of 1940, the invaders, having tried and failed to trick the old politicians into falling for their threats, abolished the old parliament and dissolved all political parties except the National Socialist party of Norway, which was and is led by Mr. Quisling. This small party, consisting of one percent of the Norwegian people, which had not even one representative in Parlia-



Photo: Enert

ment in the last election, was given sole control of the Norwegian State Administration under the invader's supervision.

The first edict was an attempt to force the Norwegian people to admit that this was their Government and to give it the necessary recognition. This, of course, the people were not willing to do and did not do. Soon after, the Quisling party was given a free hand for muggings and disturbances of all kinds, and this unhampered rule of terror in the streets and parks and places where people had to pass caused great trouble and sorrow to everyone. To try to stop this, the Supreme Court stepped in and claimed that this taking of the law into the party's hands was contrary to the Norwegian Constitution, which was obvious, and that it was also contrary to the Convention of the Hague regarding the rights of people in occupied territories.

The Germans disallowed this and arrested two members of the Supreme Court. The Court answered by resigning in a body and thereby set an example for open resistance. I have explained this at some length because it is the foundation of all later formal resistance, based clearly on the law of the Constitution and on international law as expressed by the Convention of the Hague in 1907.

AT THE same time, the young people in the sports organizations refused to enter competitions of any kind, because their chosen leaders had been disposed of and other leaders had been substituted. The young folks would not take any such dictation. They claimed that sports were a pleasure and that under present conditions, pleasure could wait for business. This was the first big public uprising; it was completely spontaneous, for at that time there was no system of organized coöperation such as has later been established.

This was the first Autumn. During the whole of the next year, the invaders, through the "Quislings," tried to take over one organization after another—the trade unions, the professional men's organizations, the cultural groups—but every time they met with the same kind of resistance as the sports

groups had shown. The members just ceased to have any interest in their old organizations.

Today, of course, there are nominal heads of all the old associations and clubs, *but there is no membership*. No one belongs to them, no one goes to their meetings, no one participates in anything which is sponsored by these illegally elected or appointed heads. They have properties, yes, but the organization, as such, is dead. It just doesn't exist!

Perhaps a word about the Rotary Clubs is appropriate here. I know from my life in Norway quite a little about Rotary, and I know that its beneficent influence had been so great that the Rotary Clubs were the first clubs that were dissolved after the invasion. That, I think, was because of their close connection with the Western Hemisphere and with the ideas and ideals which always have characterized the attitude and actions of the men and women of that hemisphere.*

About a year ago the turn came for the schoolteachers. They, it was decreed, should join in a new organization which automatically made them members of the National Socialist party. As members of the party, they would have to teach the school children according to party doctrine. The teachers refused to join and sent letters to the Ministry of Education saying that their consciences did not allow them to teach the children anything contrary to the traditions and history of Norway.

Deciding that something had to be done, the Government in power shut down the schools, arrested a number of teachers, and sent them to forced labor in Northern Norway, where a great number of them lost their health and are complete physical wrecks today.

In the resistance of the teachers the church took an active part. It took up the old question of right and wrong and said that a thing does not become right because a

man says so. From the pulpits on Easter Sunday a year ago it was read that the church of Norway and the clergymen of Norway no longer considered themselves servants of the State. They had decided to follow the law of God rather than what pleased the powers that be. The invader has arrested and banished a number of clergymen, including all the bishops, but he has not broken the spirit of the servants of the Norwegian church. The people have backed them up and will not attend services given by the new pastors who have sworn allegiance to today's Government.

IT IS a spiritual force which free men have which makes it possible for them to resist even when from a physical point of view resistance seems useless. In spite of the theoretical hopelessness of our case, faith in the good of mankind and in the ultimate victory of good over evil has forged the will of the Norwegian people to resistance and has organized them in a way in which they have never been organized before.

We are in close touch with the people at home. How, I cannot tell you, but we have extremely good intelligence of their temper in various parts of the country. What do they, what do all Norwegians, think about the future of the world after the war is won?

We feel that the dignity and individuality of man must be preserved. We are an individualistic people. We believe in the individualistic rights of men. We have seen what happens when rule by law gives way to rule by force and what we have seen we dislike.

Norwegians, wherever they are, are wholeheartedly agreed on the four freedoms as expressed in the Atlantic Charter. To the people at home, of course, the privilege of helping to plan the building of a future world organization is largely denied, for they cannot even make suggestions concerning it, except in large and broad principles. But we know that when they are delivered, they will coöperate with all freedom-loving people everywhere in building a world in which these horrors which we have been living through in these last years never shall happen again.

* Norway had 19 Rotary Clubs (with approximately 750 members) at the time of the invasion, the first of them having been organized in Oslo, the capital, in 1922. While these Clubs continued to function for some months after the invasion, newspapers of October 4, 1940, reported that the Rotary Clubs of Norway were to be dissolved by action of the occupying authorities. On October 20, Rotary leaders in Norway met and completed final formalities for the dissolution of the Clubs. The charters of the Clubs were subsequently cancelled by Rotary International.—Eds.

SERVICEMEN THE WORLD OVER KNOW

The Stage-Door Canteen

"GEE, I always wanted to meet Loretta Young"—a popeyed young sailor exclaimed as he sat beside the glamorous star in the Stage-Door Canteen—"but it took a second world war to make it possible."

Abbott and Costello, Boris Karloff, Helen Hayes, Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Berle, the late Alexander Woolcott, Yehudi Menuhin, Mrs. Roosevelt, and countless other celebrities have also been "made possible" for servicemen at the Canteens. Rita Hayworth offered to kiss the birthday boys, and her audience remembered to a man that it was their birthday, too. The Duchess of Windsor signed "Wallis Windsor" in hundreds of autograph books. Hedda Hopper, introduced as "the Glamour Girl of World War I," told the boys, "What was good enough for your fathers is good enough for you!" Sir Cedric Hardwicke delighted them by relating that a friend, seeing him in uniform for the first time in World War I, took one look and exclaimed, "God, we've lost!"

Vice-President Wallace planted his feet firmly on the stage of the Washington Canteen and boomed a challenge to the husky servicemen looking up at him, "I'll Indian rattle any man in the house and beat him." A hundred and eighty pounds of tough soldier accepted. The two clasped hands—and the soldier was on his back. (Iowa farmers have wrists of steel from shucking corn.)

This sort of entertainment, which no producer could put on commercially with less than a national-debt endowment, is commonplace at Stage-Door Canteens.

By Deena Clark



WOW! Shirley Booth, actress, is giving this sailor a thrill as they "jitterbug" at a Stage-Door Canteen party for servicemen in New York.

Photo: Aema

The volunteer workers who provide the fun slave gladly for their cause. The boys appreciate it from the bottoms of their hearts—"You treated me like a king," wrote a soldier from overseas. "With people like you behind us, how can we lose?"

The news travels everywhere. As two Atlantic convoys met, the homeward-bound signalman wigwagged from his destroyer: "What's doing in New York?" Immediately the answer flashed back: "Don't miss the Stage-Door Canteen!" And few servicemen do. Already more than 2 million

have had the time of their lives there and in the five other Canteens in Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, San Francisco, and Newark, New Jersey.

Operated by the American Theater Wing, staffed entirely by volunteers, the Canteens give the man a quality of service that no admiral or general can buy for love or money. Joe Private sits at a table set, perhaps, by Jimmy Durante, dines on sandwiches and coffee prepared by Ina Claire, sees the dirty dishes whisked away by Fredric March, is entertained by Dinah [Continued on page 56]

It's Done in Canada: Newspapers Like It

Says Harmon E. Rice

Publisher, Huntsville, Ont.,
Rotary District Governor

THE POLICY of the Canadian Government in using the daily and weekly press in national campaigns promulgating Government policies and clarifying Government enactments dealing with war administration is not new in principle. It has always been a common practice for "official" Government notices to appear in the press of Canada.

In pre-war times these related chiefly to the sale or purchase of commodities in which the Government desired to maintain the sound principle of public tender. But the policy of newspaper advertising has been greatly extended as a result of the war.

The newspapers of Canada are utilized, in conjunction with radio, to familiarize the people with the exact purport of various regulations concerning manpower policies, rationing, numerous enactments of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, food production, etc. While the radio gives quick and broad coverage, its service is necessarily limited in the exposition of essential details. The papers of the nation carry these details.

The newspaper coverage is extensive. Daily and weekly papers across Canada are utilized without the least discrimination. No legitimate paper is excluded because its party policy is at variance with that of the Government. No strings are attached. The supposition that such patronage might endanger the freedom of the press is worthy of no serious consideration in Canada. Scores of papers, both daily and weekly, whose editorial policy differs with the party in power, continue to exercise their right of free criticism. And to this the Government makes no protest, nor has it in any case in the whole country withdrawn patronage because of editorial opposition.

With these facts before us, let us examine the motives which

actuate the Government in its policy of nation-wide publicity for important national enactments. Primarily, the objective is to keep the people fully informed. Take, for instance, the rationing of tea and sugar. Over the radio goes an announcement that these household commodities will be rationed, effective at a given hour on a certain date. But associated with the enactment are innumerable details setting forth the provisions under which these articles may be procured; the nature of the coupon book to be issued; explanation of the manner in which the coupons are to be used; and an actual facsimile of the coupon book which will be available at a given place on a given date.

These details are set forth in a carefully prepared advertisement, which is placed through an advertising agency, and ordered for a uniform date in every daily and weekly newspaper in Canada. Thus, at the opportune moment, across the whole country the information vitally needed by the purchasing public is made available in a clear and concise form, and the new enactment slips into action with a minimum of confusion and protest, because the exact information, both as to the *modus operandi* of the regulation and its necessity as a war measure, is made abundantly clear. In what other manner could these sudden and needful wartime restrictions be made to work smoothly and successfully?

Now let me cite another case. Manpower regulations have provided one of the most controversial problems in Canada's war administration. They have passed through a dozen different phases, each characterized by intricate regulations as to age, occupation, date of call-up, etc. But the Government's use of the newspapers to explain the regulations has resulted in a clarity of understanding that has avoided tremendous complications and contributed to the smooth operation of the manpower program. By what other means, I repeat, could this be accomplished than through the unrestricted use of the newspapers?

These examples of Government advertising have made reference only to administrative

Should Go Newspaper

FOOD

How to get that
flavour with dried

Although the hens lay better at this time of year than in the winter, you are still glad of an extra egg dish or two in the week that dried eggs are pure fresh eggs with no shell and no waste.

3 STEPS FOR REAL FRESH-EGG RESULTS

1. Put the dried egg in a clean bowl or cup, and add only half the amount of water at first. One level tablespoon of dried egg mixed with two tablespoons of water equals one fresh egg.

2. Work with a spoon against the side of the bowl till all lumps have disappeared and you have an absolutely smooth paste. Then add the remainder of the water. Stir well till all is completely dissolved.



WOMEN - MEN
Inquire Regarding Your Enlistment
Recruiting Officers will be at the
CITY HALL - VERDUN, P.Q.
475 Church St.
May 24th to 29th incl.
**ROYAL CANADIAN
AIR FORCE**
Or Apply Personally or in Writing
NO. 13 RECRUITING CENTRE
MONTREAL

FARMERS: Buy Your Flaxseed Now

AMPLE SUPPLIES are available.
PURITY AND GERMINATION are EXCELLENT
having been tested by the Ministry of Agriculture
PEDIGREE VARIETIES ONLY are available and over
LIRAL PRINCE.
In variety trials over a number of years this seed has proved
ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN

Issued by Ministry of Agriculture, Northern

that valuable commodity week in and week out from any publisher. We in Canada, Britain, and other British Dominions think we have hit upon a dignified, efficient, and equitable alternative.

The cry that Government advertising in newspapers suborns the press is nonsense! It is, as I have said, by no means a rare event to find the editorial pages of a Dominion newspaper heatedly berating the very Government from which it received that "ad" on page 7. Perhaps that's a sign of a healthy, vigorous democracy. I rather think it is.

No! Government 'Ads' Threaten Free Press

Says J. O. Emmerich

*Editor-Publisher, McComb, Miss.,
Past Rotary District Governor*

ON MY DESK is a letter from the head of a press organization suggesting that I write to my Senators and Congressman urging favorable action on the Bankhead Bill. To me that spells the beginning of a new pressure group, the press of the United States.

Some of my fellow newspapermen will deny this; they will try to laugh off the suggestion of a press pressure group, but whenever any group of citizens strives to get something from government personally to benefit itself, the effort is nothing less than a pressure job—and this is a practice which is denounced editorially in virtually every American newspaper.

The Bankhead Bill provides that the Treasury Department shall buy not less than 25 million nor more than 30 million dollars of newspaper space. But the bill is designed primarily to sustain the rural press, which has been badly handicapped by wartime curtailment of advertising. The argument used by those who first approached Senator Bankhead was not the Government's need of advertising space, but the newspapers' need of Government revenue. Herein lie the seeds of a subsidized press.

Proponents of the bill scoff at the charge that it would subsidize the press. Yet the individuals who

wrote the bill feared that very danger. In the bill itself they made an effort to throw up a breastworks of defense. One weekly editor, one daily editor, and one advertising-agency representative would be called in to "completely safeguard the freedom of the press"; "to avoid interference in any manner with the independence of any newspaper" . . . "to keep the war-finance campaign nonpartisan" . . . "to protect editors and publishers in their right of criticism whenever they determine that such criticism is justified." Thus the proponents of the Bankhead Bill recognize the danger which they deny is present. Yet, instead of steering clear of the danger which in the end could spell disaster to democratic processes, they insist, for the sake of a few Government dollars, upon risking the most sacred trust ever imposed by constitution and tradition in a body of men and women.

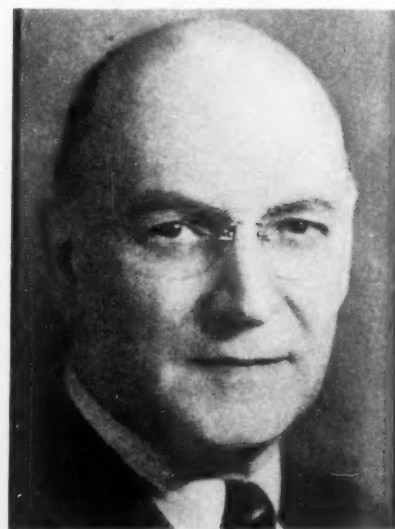
Why take the chance? Can advocates of the bill deny that the Government of the United States is this day spending nearly a quarter of a trillion dollars, and is training 10 million men who will face enemies upon many battlefields to uphold the Atlantic Charter, the expressed war purpose of the nation? And is not a large part of this Charter devoted specifically to the cause of a free press? Why risk so much for so little?

The war has caused the press of America, particularly the small-town press, a severe loss of advertising. As a publisher of two newspapers—one in a town of 12,000 population, and one in a town of less than 2,000—I am in a position to know. But the men and women who bequeathed an independent press to us of this generation managed somehow to survive economic adversities. And they did not find it necessary to ask the Government for a subsidy in order to survive.

The very text of the Bankhead Bill proves that its hidden purpose is to help the press rather than to convey Government messages to the public. To prove it, I point to the extremely unbusinesslike procedure proposed in the bill. If the author of the bill and his coöperating newsmen were most interested in, say, advertis-

ing bonds, they would have contacted experienced bond sellers. They would have ascertained the percentage of the proposed issue which should be used in the advertising sales promotion of bonds. The Congress of the United States would have been asked to appropriate this sum for the Secretary of the Treasury to use in what he deemed the most effective advertising mediums. But contrast this businesslike routine with the plan incorporated in the bill.

The bill stipulates that the fund must be spent in newspapers and that not less than one-half of it shall be spent in weeklies, semi-weeklies, triweeklies, and monthly periodicals. Are we to assume that Congress is of the opinion that there is more money available for the purchase of bonds in the community where the small papers circulate? Or that people in these areas have not responded to the sale of bonds? Or must we face



HARMON Edmund ("H.E.") Rice publishes the Huntsville (Ont.) *Forester*. He's a past president of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, former Mayor of Huntsville and first President of its Rotary Club.

the implication that the small-community newspapers recognize that they are in a tough financial plight and that one way to get relief is through the Treasury of the United States?

It is true that Uncle Sam can advertise without causing a threat to the traditional freedom of the press . . . but he cannot do it under the provisions of the Bankhead Bill. But those who contend that there is no difference between accepting advertising from the

I do not mean to say that the Bankhead Bill in itself will destroy the liberties of the press, but it can be the creation of the destructive force. Once the floodgates are open, other Government agencies may seek appropriations for their bureaus and eventually there will result a press more concerned with the advertising revenue of a dozen bureaus and how to attain it than in the strangle hold which bureaus may get upon the liberties of the people.

How much more acute has the problem of individual independence become since Grady's day. In recent years it has become almost a vogue to run to the Government for everything, and when the war ends, if not before, we are going to

Editors of America, the torch which martyrs ignited is in our hands. Let us not snuff it out for a price.



J. OLIVER Emmerich publishes the McComb (Miss.) *Enterprise*, has led it to many a victory in National Editorial Association contests. Once headed Mississippi's State Planning Commission; served in Great War.

WHEN shoe rationing was inaugurated by the Office of Price Administration, it chilled the spines of 29,000 shoe retailers in the United States. The order read very much like a death sentence to some merchants who asked themselves whether it would be better to end it all quickly and get out with what capital could be salvaged or whether to die inch by inch.

A few did throw up the sponge. First to go was the little fellow in a fringe location, who never really understood what the shoe business was all about anyway. Then the price cutters began to topple. Next came the financial weaklings, the chaps who never seemed able to get enough money ahead to pay their bills. There are some others just hanging on.

Even with these casualties, the mortality rate has not been nearly so great as expected; in fact, most of those who have gone out of business would probably have gone out anyway. For shoe retailing is not unlike other businesses. In its ranks are many who should never be there, because they are not merchant-minded and won't take the time to learn how to be. Sooner or later, and usually sooner, the sheriff catches up with them.

But the great majority of the shoe retailers now accept rationing. They know its hardships, and its headaches. But they

know, too, that rationing is necessary to win this war and the peace after the war. They know that unless the war is won, and won without disastrous price inflation, the time and effort spent to build up their businesses will be lost, to say nothing of their investments.

So we shoe men are behind the rationing program. If the draft and other wartime restrictions were going to take away 25 percent of our business, it was up to us to find a way to make up for the shrinkage. There wasn't any use sitting around waiting for somebody to come and get us out of the gone to war.

To illustrate, I can cite one shoe business. The Harrison Brothers shoe business in Jersey, founded in 1867 by Levi Harrison, the shoe principle that the thing in shoeing. People but they ne hurts their brothers prospered. of the four Harrison tra ity shoes to back.

When rationing trimmed their business, the Harrison brothers found many people who wanted war plants shoes. The girls were jo

SHINED SHOES look better longer. Polish sales play sweet tunes on cash registers!



Shoe Men

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Carl B. Stah
Past President National S
Retail Association

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elimination of rigid corseting of the child's foot. They developed shoes in suitable materials made from correct orthopedic lasts. They personalized children's shoe-fitting service. They mobilized their stores for foot health.

In short, the Harrisons tied their stores into the Government's shoe-conservation program in every way possible and tuned their merchandising to it. They did four things:

1. They abolished sales and special price promotions. They streamlined their merchandising and put it on a 100 percent service basis.
2. They abolished overpromotion and discontinued any merchandising stunts that smacked of

Men Who Cat!

Carl B. Stahler
Past President National Shoe
Retailers Association



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closely follow the general pattern of putting more emphasis on service. In following that policy they are finding that there is a silver lining in the clouds over the retail shoe business. For some merchants, shoe rationing may prove a blessing in disguise, because for the first time they are really coming to grips with vital success factors of their business: service to their community first, profits to themselves second.

Some stores are making up sales volume lost as a result of rationing by adding related products. Stores which specialized on women's shoes, for example, feature women's wearing apparel, or add men's shoes and accessories. In the same way stores which for-

merly concentrated on selling to men are stocking women's shoes. With special-purpose shoes exempt from rationing, some retailers are focusing their advertising on shoes which do not use sole leather.

Synthetic-soled, nonrationed footwear is, however, not an unmixed blessing. The New England Shoe and Leather Association sees in it "a critical and serious trade problem" for the shoe industry in all its branches. In a recent statement, it urges manufacturers to

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women at the repair benches before the war ends, but again we find, in that greatly abused word "service," an answer to a wartime problem: making shoes last.

Rationing is also having a wholesome effect upon shoe retailers' advertising. Nothing succeeds like a good reputation. We all know that. But not all of us retailers realize that time required to build such a reputation can be greatly shortened by the right kind of advertising. Much pre-war shoe advertising was pointed at people who bought on price—because most shoes were sold on

IT'S FASHIONABLE in wartime to wear repaired shoes. If the men are needed for war jobs, women can learn the cobbler's art.

that basis. But the price buyer, we've found, is here today and across the street tomorrow. On the other hand, the person who buys values plus service is reasonably sure to become a repeating customer. The success of any business depends upon customers who come back, again and again.

Rationing has caused many merchants to do more "institutional" advertising—that is, advertising which "sells" the store and its service. Is it too much to believe that this type of advertising, having proved its worth under rationing, will be continued with equal success after the war?

When the war is over and V Day comes, there may be fewer shoe stores, but those which survive will have the confidence and support of their community. The price cutters and the glamour merchandisers of pre-war times will have made way for stores geared to the new concept of foot comfort and foot freedom. And all who walk or run will be better off because of it. Wartime restrictions will have pointed the way.

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For tips from readers on war-time retailing, turn to page 55.



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But the great majority of the shoe retailers now accept rationing. They know its hardships, and its headaches. But they

know, too, that rationing is necessary to win this war and the peace after the war. They know that unless the war is won, and won without disastrous price inflation, the time and effort spent to build up their businesses will be lost, to say nothing of their investments.

So we shoe men are behind the rationing program. If the draft and other wartime restrictions were going to take away 25 percent of our business, it was up to us to find a way to make up for the shrinkage. There wasn't any use sitting around waiting for somebody to pull another rabbit out of the hat. The rabbits had gone to war, too.

To illustrate what I mean, let me cite one typical case—the Harrison Brothers who have been doing business in East Orange, New Jersey, for 76 years. Founded in 1867 by Lewis and Schuyler Harrison, the store was built on the principle that the most important thing in shoe merchandising is fitting. People may forget the price, but they never forget a shoe that hurts their feet. The Harrison brothers put service first, and prospered. Today the two sons of the founders carry on in the Harrison tradition of fitting quality shoes to customers who come back.

When rationing came, the Harrisons trimmed their sails to the prevailing merchandising winds. They found, for example, that many people were taking jobs in war plants—and needed work shoes. They noticed that many girls were joining the WAAC and

SHINED SHOES look better longer. Polish sales play sweet tunes on cash registers!



the WAVES, and required manish-looking oxfords and manishly styled accessories. Nearly every family had somebody serving with the armed forces—which meant well-shined shoes for servicemen. Here was an opportunity to sell military shoeshine kits, toilet kits, socks, and other things soldiers and sailors need. The men were coming home on furloughs with money and the desire for a pair of shoes of the better sort, even though "G.I." shoes are far ahead of what they used to be.

The Harrisons also decided to make their store headquarters for children's shoes. In cooperation with manufacturers they worked for greater toe elevation and the elimination of rigid corseting of the child's foot. They developed shoes in suitable materials made from correct orthopedic lasts. They personalized children's shoe-fitting service. They mobilized their stores for foot health.

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Men Who Last!

Carl Bustahler

past President National Shoe
Retailers Association

they're coping with
rationing—surviving.
No. 5 in series on
tailors the Alert.



high-pressure selling. They made their stores service stations and led the crusade in the Oranges for foot health.

3. They deglamorized advertising and store-sales techniques; they took the emphasis off style and appearance and placed it squarely on the essential shoe for every needed purpose. Low heels for women were made a cardinal policy.

4. They educated customers in the care of shoes, so they would gain the maximum in wear and comfort.

That is what one shoe merchant has done to survive the war—one of hundreds of examples which could be cited. But all would closely follow the general pattern of putting more emphasis on service. In following that policy they are finding that there is a silver lining in the clouds over the retail shoe business. For some merchants, shoe rationing may prove a blessing in disguise, because for the first time they are really coming to grips with vital success factors of their business: service to their community first, profits to themselves second.

Some stores are making up sales volume lost as a result of rationing by adding related products. Stores which specialized on women's shoes, for example, feature women's wearing apparel, or add men's shoes and accessories. In the same way stores which for-

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Synthetic-soled, nonrationed footwear is, however, not an unmixed blessing. The New England Shoe and Leather Association sees in it "a critical and serious trade problem" for the shoe industry in all its branches. In a recent statement, it urges manufacturers to sell *only* a product which will give buyers and the consuming public honest value—one which will not be made of shoddy or inferior fabric uppers, one which will have a sole at least equal in wearing qualities to sole leather, and one which will conform to all Government regulations. "To sell an inferior product at an exorbitant price . . ." the statement continues, "is certainly a shortsighted policy. . . . It is bound to lead to more Government regulations and will undoubtedly reflect unfavorably on the shoe industry's reputation." By and large, however, this type of shoe is proving a useful stop-loss to both customer and retailer.

Another such opportunity is the repair department. The old saying that necessity is the mother of invention is once again being borne out in the reconditioning of old shoes. There is a lot of extra life in a pair of shoes if they are properly serviced by a competent shoe man. Manpower is a problem, to be sure, and we may see women at the repair benches before the war ends, but again we find, in that greatly abused word "service," an answer to a wartime problem: making shoes last.

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For tips from readers on wartime retailing, turn to page 55.



IT'S FASHIONABLE in wartime to wear repaired shoes. If the men are needed for war jobs, women can learn the cobbler's art.

Get Yourself a System



By John T. Bartlett

Rotary Club, Boulder, Colorado

THERE'S but one ingredient in winning success that will take the place of genius. Since such a pitifully small fraction of us will ever be touched with genius, the best thing to do is cultivate the other alternative—system. Even genius achieves more quickly and surely when coupled with system than it does singlehandedly.

Before you dismiss the idea as mere theory, consider the case of a young doctor, barely established, who was forced to seek a new climate for his wife. Because of the children, he picked a small city with educational advantages, but the place was already full of doctors. How to earn a living?

He decided there was one group of people in the community who could use a doctor—the poor. A group with much sickness and very little cash. A group the old-

er established "medicos" would be glad to leave to a newcomer.

"I'll give the poor the best that's in me," he decided. "Some of them will pay me. If I'm as good as I know I am, the better-paying group will in time hear about me!"

This became the young doctor's system. It worked, from the start. Probably because the cases were semicharity ones, the patients paid in spreading word of his cures—even reaching their employers with the tales. And within six months he had a chance at a charity case whose cure set people talking. Paying patients came in ever-increasing numbers—but he never neglected his working-class practice. Not even when he became wealthy.

There must be, in the United States alone, more than half a million aspiring writers. Allowing for the one or two geniuses among them who will get there anyway, the chances of success are heaviest for those who write with some sort of system. Jack London is said to have written 2,000 words a day, every day. Many others follow this system, setting a daily stint.

All other things being equal—which they never are—the newspaper-trained writer has the best chance to succeed. Why? Because he has learned, through necessity, the way to begin. Most would-be writers find it hard to start. They

wait for "inspiration." Newspaper reporters sit down and write a "lead." Then they are off into the story they mean to tell. Often they tear up the original lead and replace it with a better one later. But they have a system.

Another advantage of the newspaperman is the wealth of material—mostly worthless—he turns out. But he is learning the use and abuse of words. For the "outsider" aspiring to write, the daily stint is much the same: a self-training in handling his chosen means of expression.

Rotary would never have developed as it did without a system. The Aims and Objects plan is exactly that. The successful Committee Chairman is one who outlines his year's work and then strives to meet it: a system.

System is what differentiates the professional from the amateur. Any experienced mechanic has a system in his work. A carpenter's toolbox may look like a scrambled puzzle to the other fellow, but the carpenter can lay his hands on any tool in the dark as well as the light, if he has to. It's arranged systematically, for him.

Salesmen usually have a system, though many of them don't know it. But today practically any fledgling can tell you that the law of averages will be working on his side if he increases his number of calls.

Yet the more experienced salesman adds another natural law to this system: he plans his day. He makes his calls at hours that fit into his prospects' schedules and saves waiting. He bunches calls to make travel light.

The average insurance man who has achieved success likewise has a system. It varies with the man—but it is a system. So much time each day to making new contacts—the so-called "cold turkey" visits. So much time to making repeat calls. So much time to discussing matters in general with old friends—with an eye out for new opportunities. So much time to keeping records straight.



Illustrations by Don Herold



The manager and part owner of a small variety store, without any merchandising experience, went through a period of loss at the beginning. He plunged into the business without any training period—and was rotten!

Complaints were his great dread, and from the sale of garden seeds—a big Spring and early-Summer seller in his particular store—came most of the criticism. You see, he had a system even then—he kept track of what was wrong!

The second part of his system was to correct every complaint. At the tail end of the first season he began buying seed in bulk from a quality seed house and packaging it himself. To save money, he made use of cheap manila envelopes and wrote out the data on culture by hand.

There were no beautiful pictures on the packets, but the seed grew and prospered. The second season he rubber stamped the names and data, because he had too much to write. Before that season was over he could afford—and time demanded — inexpensive printed matter. But he stuck to the cheap manila envelopes and the personalized touch in writing up the data on how to get the best results.

Still anxious to eliminate dissatisfaction, he met the few complaints with amazing liberality. People began to talk about his seeds and his fairness. New customers came to buy seeds and often remained to buy other things. He started giving a free packet of seeds with garden ma-

terials or an extra packet with large purchases.

The system worked. For years, now, he has been an established seedsman. But the basic system of the personalized touch, the liberal adjustment of complaints, no matter how trivial, and the emphasis on what the seeds will produce instead of pretty pictures of what they *might* give, keep his large business on an even and profitable keel.

On Highway 40 I got acquainted with a "4-F" young man with a system. His station is well arranged. He can tell, at a glance, if he has the thing you ask for in the size you want, and, as a result, he usually has it if obtainable. He knows when to suggest oil changes and battery check-up to regular customers. He has convenience

items that you seldom find in stations.

Three months ago he was a "gas pumper." Today he is the manager of the station. He'll be the lessee or owner in time, because part of his system is to *save money* out of every pay check.

His system won't put him in the big-money class in a hurry. It won't fit the man who wants to keep up with his neighbors or who believes all employers are the natural enemies of workers—he wouldn't wear himself out for *anybody*—or the dreamer who believes that success comes as the result of a "big idea."

But it is the system which for centuries has produced successful men. And it is the system which is still producing them, in every community.



GLASS MADE TO ORDER

Name it and modern glassmakers have it—cloth that won't burn, refrigerator insulation, or pipes for plumbing with joints that can be welded—

Says D. H. Killeffer

*Conductor of the "Peeps at Things to Come"
Department in The Rotarian*



FLAMEPROOF. The dish settles into the ice melting under heat from the oxy-gas flame, but it doesn't show sign of a crack under gruelling tests.

Photo: Corning Glass Works

HAVE you heard about the new truck tires? They bounce along over sharp stones yet don't blow out—because imbedded in the rubber are cords of glass.

Have you seen the new draperies in smart stores and homes? They look like silk. But apply a lighted match to a ravelled thread. It won't burn because it, too, is glass.

Not the sort of glass you have known, of course, that was hard, fragile, brittle. Modern glassmakers are turning out products that upset all such notions about glass, and therein lies a dramatic story of how science is being put to work to make life more healthful and more enjoyable for an increasing number of people.

Glass is older than written history. Pliny, who lived in ancient Rome, recorded an amusing legend of how Phoenician merchants—some 5,000 or more years ago—discovered how to make it. They had been on a selling trip to Egypt, and made a campfire on a sandy beach. Around the fire they set blocks of limestone and natural soda. Much to their surprise, the rocks melted, mingled with the sand, and a rivulet of molten glass trickled away.

That tale is dubious folklore, but sand and soda are ingredients that still go into glass. If you want to be technical, make note that typical glass carries 100 parts of sodium oxide, 67 parts of calcium oxide, and 452 parts of silicon dioxide. Shift the formula ever so

slightly or add other ingredients, and you get different kinds of glass—or a fiasco.

That bothered the ancients no end, a fact which is curiously recorded in the word "fiasco," which to us means a ridiculous failure. Originally in the Italian, however, it meant "bottle." When a glassmaker discovered that he had a poor batch of glass, not good enough for window panes or milady's perfume bottle, he could still make it into wine flasks.

But there's no guesswork in modern chemistry. Ingredients are carefully selected, then processed in both new and old ways which create an amazing variety of glass. One important company regularly "melts" as many as 300 kinds of glass, each differing a little from the others. From them come some 35,000 different manufactured items, ranging from tiny jewels for instrument bearings to building bricks.

The old way of processing glass was to dip a hollow reed into the melted glass, then with puffing cheeks the blower would blow a bubble into the desired shape. The work requires consummate skill, and if you live near a glass factory and have a bump of curiosity on your head, you'll be well repaid for a visit.

To shape a crystal tumbler, the glass blower thrusts the end of a slender iron pipe about as long as he is into a pot of melted glass. A lump of the melt clings to it, and as it cools, it thickens. As

his practiced eye tells him the thickening, cooling process has reached exactly the right point, the glass blower puffs a mighty blast through his pipe to start the shaping process. Meanwhile he gives the piece a series of twists and turnings alternating with blowings, until what started as a shapeless lump begins to resemble a tumbler. The final touch is given by a mold.

Ingenious mechanics have devised intricate machines to perform precisely the operations of the blower and to repeat them swiftly and endlessly. Glass bulbs for electric lamps used to be blown by hand, and that was good enough when only hundreds of such bulbs were needed. Now intricate automatic machines consuming small rivers of molten glass perform each of the requisite steps swiftly and precisely, and spew out complete bulbs so fast that the eye cannot follow them.

Other machines mold bottles with comparable speed by blowing air into molten glass to force it to conform to a surrounding mold.

Still others pour and press glass into molds to form solid objects.

Other huge machines draw window glass in continuous sheets from pots of glass, and still others cast great slabs that are later polished to plate glass.

These improved methods and devices for processing glass and new chemical discoveries have resulted in what, not without reason, has been called the Age of Glass. The ancients who toilsomely produced bottles and beads for the Pharaohs, the patricians of old Rome, the artisans-artists of the Middle Ages who fabricated the breath-taking wonders of Chartres Cathedral, that hardy industrialist who in 1609 set up America's first glass factory at Jamestown in Virginia: those men and all the throng who through the ages have dabbled in glass would be wonder-struck at what you and I shall soon accept as commonplace. Let us take note of a few of these new items of commerce:

Glass Textiles. One of the sensations

● **This is No. 7 in the series
on 'Putting Science to Work'**

of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 was a dress made for the queen regent of Spain. It was woven with silk threads as the warp and spun glass for the woof. The glass thread was secured by melting a glass rod, then drawing it over a fast-revolving wheel. But now machinery does that better and faster, and produces a fiber of unbelievable fineness and strength.

An ordinary glass rod of one square inch cross section will support only 5,000 to 8,000 pounds, but bundles of filaments of diameters of two-ten-thousandths of an inch, or less, can carry loads as great as 2 million pounds per square inch. Commercial fibers average around 400,000 to 500,000 pounds per square inch, much stronger than hard drawn steel piano wire. Such filaments are made by pouring continuous fine streams of molten glass into a hurricane blast of steam. Fluffy glass wool to insulate a house or an army igloo and textile fibers are made that way. Extreme fineness is required both for strength and to minimize brittleness for fabric uses. Actually finer than silk, more than 4,000 miles of these finest filaments are needed to weigh a pound.

Glass textiles are decorative and possess the vital advantage of being quite nonflammable in draperies for places of public assembly. Neckties of glass cloth are quite as satisfactory as silk and will not stain. Garments can be made of glass fibers that contain no "itchibells." That new word designates glass fibers large enough to retain some brittleness, and hence likely to break into tiny bits that penetrate the skin and cause itching. Itchibells are three-ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter or larger. With all the fibers in the fabric smaller than itchibells, it may even be that garments may some day be made of glass.

TINY FIBERS retain the electrical insulating properties of glass itself and hence can replace silk or cotton insulation on wires, especially in motors where ordinary insulation will char at temperatures sometimes reached by overloading.

Heat insulating for houses, refrigerators, railway passenger and freight cars, ships, steam piping, and many other purposes utilize similar glass fibers, which are efficient and at the same time impervious to mildew and vermin and completely nonflammable. Even asbestos, now difficult to obtain, may give way to glass.

Sponge Glass. A solid foam of glass filled with tiny bubbles of gas permanently entrapped is so light and so sturdy that it makes admirable life preservers, life rafts, and cold-storage insulation. This "Foamglas" looks like

black cork board and, like cork, can be sawed into blocks for many of the applications of now-scarce cork.

Plate Glass. Plate glass can be polished to precise smoothness and can also be given extraordinary strength and elasticity by new methods of tempering. That plus the new and better kinds of plastics sandwiched between plates to yield safety glass make this accident preventer almost, but not quite, unbreakable.* Indeed, some of the newer examples of this kind of glass are too sturdy for use in windows of automobiles through which the car's occupants at some time may have to escape.

Insulated Window Panes. Heat radiation through ordinary window glass is considerable, as many a householder has learned in these days of rationed fuel. Storm windows have long been used to cut down on that heat loss, but a problem that has long interested in-

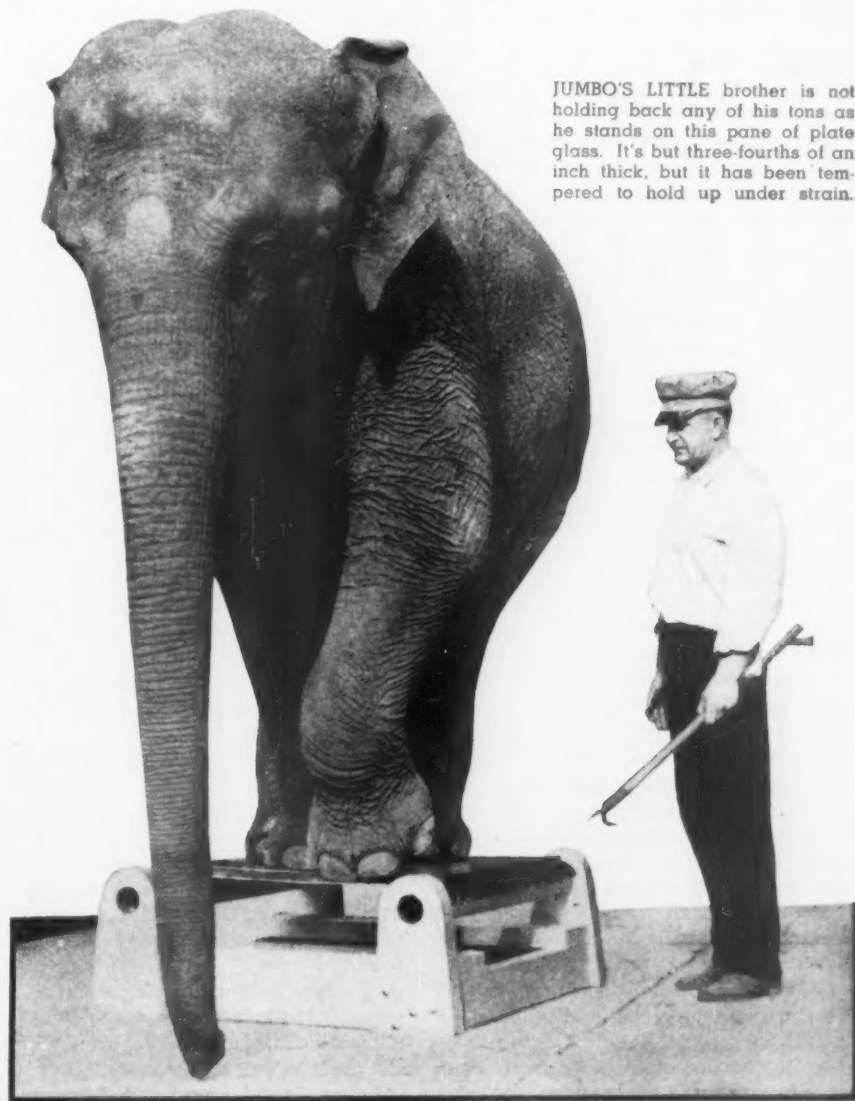
*For further information on plastics, see *Will Wood Win the War?*, by Egon Glesinger, and *Henry Ford on Plastics*, by William L. Stidger, in the January and February, 1943, issues of *THE ROTARIAN*.

ventors is the production of a practical window having two or more thicknesses of glass with a sealed-in, dead-air space. One trouble has been that vapors seep in and condense, thus obstructing the view. An enterprising manufacturer, however, now claims to have successfully solved the problem, and two- or three-ply glass windows may soon be on the market.

BUILDING Blocks. These can now be put together with ingenious wooden keys into interior partition walls that can be taken down and set up in new locations in a matter of a couple of hours. Thus, tomorrow's houses may have room plans that can be changed every Spring at house-cleaning time.

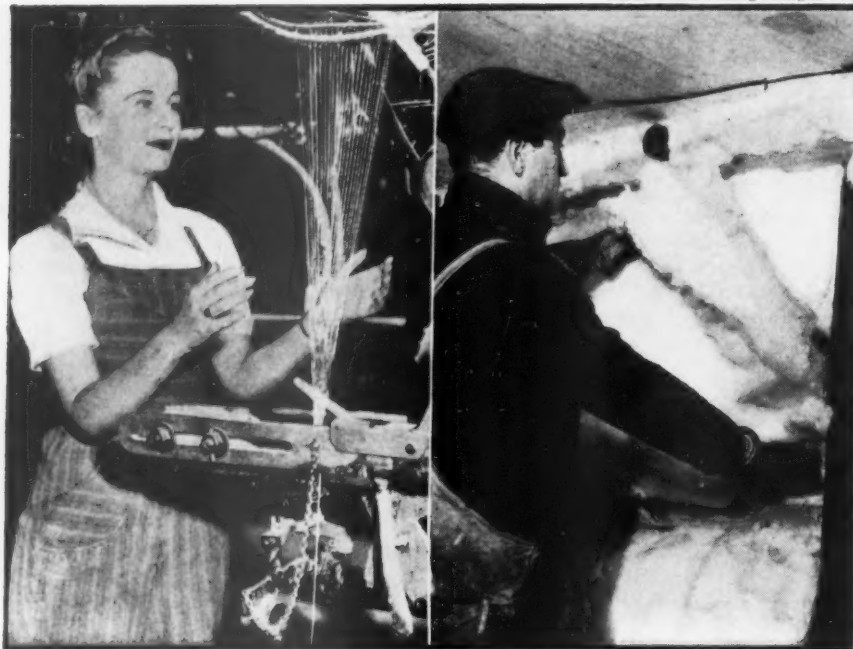
Inventive ingenuity also has discovered how to weld glass and concrete. Thus, colored vitrolite, a structural glass which for several years has been popular as a facing material, is now "wedded" to a light-weight concrete block.

Utensils. Ordinary glass is a poor conductor of heat. That is why if heat is applied to a thick piece, the outside



JUMBO'S LITTLE brother is not holding back any of his tons as he stands on this pane of plate glass. It's but three-fourths of an inch thick, but it has been tempered to hold up under strain.

Photo: Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.



GLASS fibers, a few hundred-thousandths of an inch thick, have been drawn out as far as 5,000 miles. Here filaments are being twisted into yarn to make textiles.

ONE USE for spun glass is as refrigerator insulation. The workman is shown here packing it in a panel of a C-3 cargo ship that will carry mutton to soldiers overseas.

expands, but the inner surface, which is less hot, will not. Often the strain will cause the glass to crack or shatter. In 1915 a glass with a low "coefficient of expansion" was developed, and since then housewives have had pie plates and other utensils of glass.

But excellent though Pyrex was, it still was unsatisfactory; it cracked when exposed to a naked flame. So researchers went to work and now we have a "shrunk" glass which meets kitchen as well as industrial specifications for a flameproof product. It can be heated until it turns red, then dipped into ice water, and not a crack appears.

Welded Glass Pipe. Glass is acid resistant, which gives it many uses. The chemical industry has for years been using glass pipes in operations which handle liquids that corrode most metal. But connecting up lengths of glass pipe has been a problem. So researchers went to work on that. Now much ordinary plumbing may be done with glass pipe, using a newly developed method of welding. An electric arc in a gas flame overcomes the need for complicated fittings previously employed.

The weld can be made after the pipe is in place. Heretofore pipe of Pyrex glass has been principally used in chemical and food plants for special purpose, but the new welding technique may so cheapen its installation as to encourage application in less unusual plumbing.

Jewels and Gauges. Tiny glass jewels, formed under heat and polished by flame, have replaced sapphires as bearings in the manufacture of many combat instruments produced for the Army

and Navy. Introduced because the war made sapphires difficult to import from Switzerland, the American-made jewels probably will be retained after the war for many electrical instruments. In certain instruments glass jewels produce less overall friction than sapphires.

War's immense demand for tool steels has also called upon glass to supply gauges for insuring precise accuracy. Normally, gauges are machined with the utmost precision from high-grade steel in shapes and dimensions to give exact fits when the parts being inspected are acceptable. Now such precision gauges made of glass are not only saving steel, but are proving better than their predecessors, for glass possesses the required stability and hardness, it cannot rust, and it is transparent.

Optical Glass. But few Americans realize that up to 1914 all their optical glass had been imported, chiefly from Germany. A special glass is required for lenses, prisms, and mirrors, and for many years the process of making it had been a well-kept secret.

"At the time of the war [1914-1918]," according to Dr. Arthur L. Day, former director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D. C., "almost no authentic information had ever been printed. In France, it was a Government monopoly; in England, practically so. In Germany, the industry was virtually concentrated in a single firm whose secrets were its own. Optical-glass formulas were never allowed to become known even within the plant where it was made."

Before World War I ended, however,

American research men were at work on that problem, and in the years since have acquired the knowledge which has resulted in several large industrial plants making high-grade optical glass. Perhaps you have read in newspapers recently how, under the whiplash of World War II necessity, new factories have been established both in the United States and in Canada.

A hundred different mixtures, each melted in relatively small quantities for exactness, supply the lens grinder with his needs. Among them are glasses of various light-bending (refractive) properties, as well as others of special transparency or opacity to visible light, to ultraviolet rays, and to infrared rays. Invisible glass, whose reflection is stopped by films of a thinness equal to a fraction of the wave length of light, gives new power to telescopes and cameras using several successive lenses. By nullifying reflection, the amount of light passing through the instrument may be stepped up by half or a third of its ordinary value.

So it goes: glassmakers are continually making glass to order for specific needs as they arise. At the moment, war demands occupy their attention. A few months ago the shortage of binoculars was so acute that citizens were asked to lend theirs to the Army and Navy. Now glass useful in lenses is being produced at a hitherto unprecedented rate. The shortage of iron and other metals is resulting in glass being pressed into substitute service. If glass pipes can be readily welded, perhaps we shall not only see glass plumbing in new glass houses, but glass water mains in military camps—and, when the war is over, in cities!

No scientist thinks for one moment that we have approached the limits of development for glass. War-stimulated uses presage important peacetime utilization of this rejuvenated, age-old material. Keep your eye on glass!

The Glass of Fashion

End note Glass news is in the making every day. Since this article was written a news note forecasts a windshield which will eliminate glare and to which rain and snow will not cling. Then, good-by, windshield wipers!

If you want more information on the history of glass and the techniques of its manufacture, a good place to start is any encyclopedia. Here are a few references that will help bring you up to date on the new developments:

Glass 'Goes to Town', by J. R. Hildebrand. *National Geographic*, January, 1943. A beautifully illustrated story telling of new wonders of the glassmaker's craft and art.

Glass Now and Tomorrow, *Fortune*, March, 1943. A comprehensive story.

Science Remakes Our World, by James Stokley (Ives Washburn, N. Y., 1942, \$3.50). Chapter XII is on *The Magic of Glass*. A readable volume, well described by its title.

● **Scrap Triumphant.** Working against time and handicapped for lack of new essential equipment, a New England company has lately converted its industrial-alcohol plant to use grain as its raw material, obtaining the additional equipment required principally from scrap. The conversion was completed in a month. Discarded railroad tank cars supplied the grain cookers necessary, and most of the other equipment was similarly salvaged from junk. The proof of the project is its present output of some 10,000 gallons of alcohol daily.

● **Noncritical Coffee Caps.** With the adoption of glass jars for coffee, all critical materials were avoided in the package except in its cap. Now, a new cap made of paper and synthetic resins provides a vacuum-tight seal that can be opened and resealed as often as necessary. No screw threads are used, which simplifies both the cap and the jar, but the new cap is held in place by a sticky coating. An important advantage of this method is that the coffee is packed and sealed on the usual vacuum packing machine with only trifling modification.

● **Flame Detector.** A new type of automatic device to operate fire-extinguishing systems depends on flame and not rising temperature to actuate it. An electric circuit is held open by two filaments of combustible material and a switch closes when flames reach the detector. The new device was developed especially for use in Army tanks which in this global war may become hot enough to set off ordinary fire detectors without burning.

● **Dry Cleaning Joins Up.** If you have trouble getting your clothes dry cleaned, the reason may be that the solvent your dry cleaner would use is protecting troop movements. Nonflammable perchlorethylene and trichlorethylene, both used by dry cleaners, are being converted to hexachlorethylene, which in contact with zinc produces dense white smoke screen used to mask army movements from the enemy.

● **Mining with Soap.** A recent patent describes a new method of mining asphalt from deep-lying deposits by using a soap solution to free the viscous liquid from its resting places in sand and rock formations. Previous suggestions to dissolve the tarry material underground in solvents or to melt it with hot water have met with indifferent success. The present proposal is based on emulsification of the asphalt with hot, soapy water so that it can be pumped out. The method is said to be useful also to get the residual petroleum from old wells that have ceased to yield.

● **Bags for Sirup.** Faced with wartime restrictions on the use of metal containers, a manufacturer of malt sirup now packages his product in a cloth bag rendered impervious to the liquid by a coating of tasteless vinyl plastic. The bag is sealed shut by heat applied to the seams and enclosed in a corru-



Peeps at Things to Come

gated carton for shipment and handling. The structure of the bag includes a cloth spout through which its contents can be poured. The new package withstands gruelling service tests and is so convenient to use that it probably will replace metal containers permanently. It is actually cheaper. The same type of container can, of course, be used to hold many other liquid products.

● **Hobby to War.** America's small army of people who grind lenses and mirrors for telescopes as a hobby are finding this skill much in demand by the armed forces. Latest urgent call upon them is for "roof" prisms badly needed in many types of optical instruments essential in war. The enthusiastic amateurs are even developing production methods to help meet this need and are training others to help them. The skill required for finishing is not quickly acquired, but the laborious early stages of the job can be done by careful neophytes.

● **Tubeless Tires.** Much of the current talk about tires to run without tubes is confused for lack of a clear understanding of the facts. Two conditions must be considered. Ordinary tires can be sealed to the rims and inflated without tubes. This is not satisfactory, since the construction of the tire does not provide a rubber lining thick enough to prevent air from seeping into the structure and damaging it. To use ordinary tires in this way materially shortens their lives, which is wasteful. On the other hand, a new kind of tire body now used for heavy service is based on the same principle as bulletproof gas tanks. A special, extra-heavy inside layer of

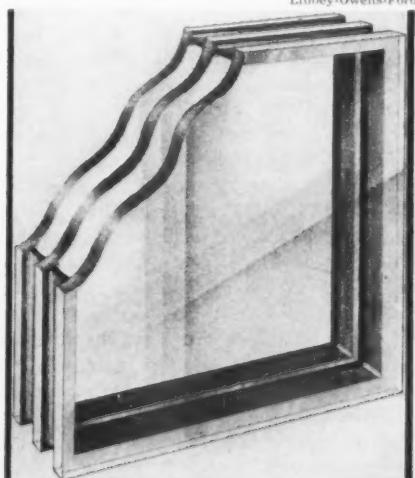
rubber built into the tire replaces the usual tube with a self-sealing lining. These linings actually require more rubber than would be needed for normal tubes, but they are worth while on heavy-duty military vehicles. Some modification of the design will be necessary when peace comes to give us average drivers synthetic-rubber tires that will last as long as the car does. Incidentally, tire-hungry American motorists can take some comfort from the fact that prices of synthetic rubber from new plants have already been substantially reduced. The comfort is somewhat chilly, since civilians cannot yet benefit from it.

● **Water As Lubricant.** Trouble with ordinary bearings for propeller shafts of seagoing vessels has led to the use for this purpose of plastic bearings which are lubricated by the sea water itself. Dry docking of ships for repair of bearings or shafts injured in service through failure of lubrication is reported to be avoided with the new bearings. War conditions prompted trials of the new material, but its advantages seem likely to make it a permanent part of future marine construction.

● **Plastics Molder.** A new and rapid method of molding plastics utilizes heat induced in the material itself by an ultra high-frequency electric field. Because the heat is generated exactly where needed, thus avoiding conduction through molds or plastic, the speed of molding is materially increased.

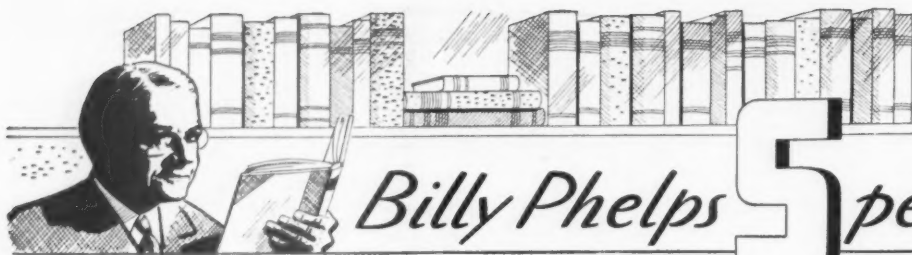
● **Washing Away Mosquitoes.** From New Jersey, where they should be expert on the subject, comes the suggestion to put soap into water where mosquitoes are likely to breed, but where flammable oil might be objectionable. As little as one-tenth to one-quarter of one percent of soap in the water so reduces the strength of the surface film that egg-laying mosquitoes cannot stand on the surface, and the pupae (wigglers) cannot support themselves by this film to breathe as they normally do. The result is disastrous to mosquitoes, but satisfying to people.

● **Ores from Sand.** Oregon's beaches are expected to yield chromite, zircon, and garnet through treatment of their black sands by methods developed by the United States Bureau of Mines. These minerals are important to war industry, and the development of their domestic production is needed to replace supplies formerly imported.



HOMEOWNERS are well aware of heat loss through ordinary window glass. This triple window with a sealed-in dead-air space between thicknesses may solve their problem.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.



Comment on Recent Books and
Things by William Lyon Phelps,
Educator, Reviewer, and Author

Billy Phelps Speaking

IN THE FIELD of literature the most universally beloved man since Dickens is Mark Twain, for in addition to his creative genius he had a tremendous personality. Therefore any new book about him is welcome, especially when written with knowledge and insight. A Twain bibliography would fill hundreds of pages. I recommend the latest book about him: *Mark Twain: Man and Legend*, by De Lancey Ferguson, professor of English at Western Reserve University.

This biography of about 330 pages has especial value for its emphasis and its point of view. These are set forth in a brief preface. The author quotes from Mark's last article written for publication—"To me, the most important feature of my life is its literary feature." Dr. Ferguson makes that sentence the text of his discourse, and writes his life as a man of letters.

My own life includes the whole of Mark's career as a literary man, although he wrote hundreds of thousands of words in various newspapers before I was born. I was two years old when *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* was published in 1867; and I possess his manuscript letter to Bret Harte announcing its appearance. I was 4 years old when *Innocents Abroad* made the name of Mark Twain known in every State of the United States, although it had more notoriety than fame. My parents moved to Hartford, Connecticut, at about the same time as Mark did; he was a familiar figure on the street and in many places; he made a number of commencement addresses at the grammar school I attended; I heard him at "church socials" where the Rev. Joseph Twichell presided, reading from *Tom Sawyer* the year it was published, from *Huckleberry Finn* in manuscript, and telling the story of the Golden Arm. In later years I talked with him and had some correspondence.

HE WAS known in every part of the world, known as a "funny man." Coolidge, who was class humorist when he graduated from Amherst, observed that funny men never got anywhere in politics, and made up his mind he would never be funny again. The damage to Mark's reputation done by his humor cannot be exaggerated. In Hartford, when

he was producing masterpieces, men, women, and children (at this moment, the postman, who never rings twice, entered and brought me a letter from Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd, and on the outside of the envelope is printed a line from Mark Twain, "Humor sets the Thinking Machinery in motion") loved Mark, roared with laughter at his jokes, and never dreamed he was a great writer. It may be true that humor sets the thinking machinery in motion, but it is reverse English for the perpetrator. I remember the disappointment in Hartford when he published *The Prince and the Pauper*. "Why, it isn't funny; he doesn't think he is a novelist, I hope," etc. His fame, as distinguished from notoriety and popularity, did not begin till the 20th Century. He was classed with Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Petroleum Nasby, etc. I have in mind two scholarly professors of literature in two of our leading colleges, one of whom in a 990-page history of American literature (1892) gave Mark four lines, and Cable ten pages; he also had the bad luck to say that Frank Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, the various newspaper jokers, and Mark Twain would be forgotten in 20 years, unless they happen to make "some higher literary achievement." The other professor wrote (1895) that although it would be ridiculous to maintain Mark took rank with Lowell and Holmes, still it would not do to predict his humor will soon be forgotten.

Mark Twain's philosophy of pessimism came long before he had the shattering blows of his last few years; but although I never heard it mentioned, the prolonged postponement of his fame must have contributed to the gloom of his mind. How delighted he was with his Oxford degree, taken in 1907 with Kipling and others; and he read in the London papers that although Kipling was there, and General Booth, and some of the most eminent scientists in the world, the audience had eyes and ears only for Mark Twain.

Although Mark Twain's fame as a man of letters has been secure since the early years of this century, a book like Dr. Ferguson's is important. It is so interesting in the steady flow of the narrative that I found it almost impossible to lay down; but the chief distinguishing feature, his growth, development, and splendor as a writer, makes

it a contribution to Twainiana. The author treats many myths with destructive commonsense, such as his wife's being the jailer of his genius, the evil influence of Howells, etc. And much light is thrown on the well-known violence of Mark's temperament, in passages like these:

"He went farther than Heine, who said that he forgave his enemies, but not until they were dead. Clemens did not forgive his dead enemies; their death seemed to deepen their crimes, like a base evasion, or a cowardly attempt to escape."

While Paine's biography will always be the standard and will have to be consulted by all who write on the subject, I recommend Dr. Ferguson's book to young and old; every reader will learn much from it, and will thoroughly enjoy it. It closes with a beautiful phrase from Howells in a letter to Clara when he got the news of the death. "Suddenly your father was set apart from all other men in a strange majesty. Death had touched his familiar image into historic grandeur."

SIMULTANEOUSLY, happily, with this work appears a little book of 119 pages, *Anglo-American Literary Relations*, by the late George Stuart Gordon, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, England. I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Gordon in his own home at Oxford. He was a steadfast friend of the United States, although he never visited it. One of his specialties as a professor was American literature, of which he had a thorough knowledge. He died in 1942, and this little book, composed of lectures he had delivered, has been prepared for publication by the distinguished English scholar R. W. Chapman, who assisted Dr. Gordon in his last illness "during this last flicker of the candle," while the desperately sick man was looking over and revising his MSS, and persuaded him to let him take these written lectures. He told Chapman he was sorry he had not done justice to contemporary American literature, "in which he was widely read and which he had much pondered." The book begins at the beginning, with the arrival of the Pilgrims in New England. In the next century, in 1729, the great philosopher Bishop Berkeley arrived and in a wooden house (still standing) near

Newport, Rhode Island, wrote his *Alciphron* and the verses in which he predicted America's splendid future:

*Westward the course of empire
takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with
the day:*

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Dr. Gordon says he hopes he will be forgiven by American patriots when he says that these writings by Berkeley are probably the best English prose and verse written on American soil for 200 years. He means, of course, writings on American soil by *Englishmen*, because he praises the genius not only of Franklin, but of Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and John Woolman.

As I have always maintained that the U.S.A. had at its cradle more men of genius than appeared at any other similar occasion in ancient or modern history, I am pleased to see what Dr. Gordon says of America's revolutionary state papers. Chatham quoted them in the House of Lords in 1774 and said that after having read Thucydides and other great writers, "for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress in Philadelphia."

And he adds, "From Alexander Hamilton and *The Federalist* I learn more, I find, than from any other book of statecraft whatsoever." In the latter part of his book he laments the fact that Mark Twain was admitted "so late to his place on the summits of American literature." He calls him "this authentic man of genius, the author of *Huckleberry Finn*—which I place, with *Moby Dick*, among the great books of the world, great by every test."

Gene Gach, whose articles in *THE ROTARIAN* will be well remembered,* is a sergeant in the United States Army, and has recently published *In the Army Now*, where his natural gifts of writing narrative and dialogue find plenty of good material. These letters from various camps show how a civilian feels when he becomes a soldier, and give portraits of various Army types. "We know that his testimony is true."

Instead of recommending some fresh murder stories, for I am sorry to say I have found only a few good ones, I shall recommend a new edition of Malory's marvellous romance *Le Morte Darthur*, condensed and edited by John W. Donaldson, with the title *Arthur Pendragon of Britain*. Our age is characterized by expansions and reductions. We see single volumes containing three or four novels; but we also see several

novels of Dickens condensed, and other works which have submitted to major operations. The glorious *Le Morte Darthur*, printed in England in 1485, has been reissued over and over again, sometimes in one fat volume, sometimes in five or six small ones, as in the Temple Library.

Mr. Donaldson has not changed the noble and beautiful prose style, but has cut out about half of the original work, taking out the mystical and religious part, much of which is indeed overwhelmingly impressive, but it often interferes with the continuity of the narrative. Now I am glad I have read the whole of *Le Morte Darthur*, but I admire Mr. Donaldson's skill in cutting out, and patching together, so we have a continuous story of action—Lancelot, Arthur, Tristram, and the other Knights of the Round Table. Let me warn you that this is the opposite of a "juvenile"; this is for adult reading, where the sinners are more prominent than the saints. This is for men and women. And if any of my readers remember the novelist James Lane Allen, of Kentucky, they may remember his best book, *The Choir Invisible*, in which he recommended *Le Morte Darthur*, because it holds forth, especially to young men, as does *The Three Musketeers*, the virtues of courage, fidelity, and loyalty. Mr. Donaldson has done well in producing this work in time of world war.

W. S. Maugham, who, in the intervals of writing novels, gives the public good advice on what to read, has just published an admirable anthology called *Introduction to Modern English and American Literature*. This handy-sized volume contains 618 pages, and everyone should read Mr. Maugham's short introductions. He is a good teacher of literature, and in this book one gets a

whole library of contemporary prose and verse, with selections from authors that are more talked about than read, along with authors more read than talked about. Anyone who reads through this anthology will be acquainted with modern authors, and the book is meant not for earnest students, but for the "plain people"; as Mr. Maugham says, there are times when we would rather read Sherlock Holmes than Tolstoi.

EVERYBODY has read, is reading, or is about to read Wendell L. Willkie's *One World*. If we needed any proof that we are living in an age of miracles, compared to which the Arabian Nights are commonplace, it would be this journey, which almost exceeds the journeys described by Jules Verne. I like most of Mr. Willkie's observations, except when he discusses the British Empire, with India in mind.

La Mar Warwick, who is associated with a course in contemporary thought in Northwestern University, has produced a novel called *Yesterday's Children*. This is a story of American adolescence and what the war has done to it. An article by her in *Harper's*, called *Farewell to Sophistication*, attracted much attention. Eight million years ago the world was going to the dogs; the dogs are still hungry.

A dog anthology has just appeared: *The Fireside Book of Dog Stories*, edited by Jack Goodman, with an introduction by James Thurber. It has more than 550 pages, by 33 eminent authors, so that we might call the book "Literature and Dogma." An extraordinary feature is the double jacket, a dog map of the world, in color, showing 66 breeds of dogs and the places of their origin. There is one astounding omission: the failure to include Alfred Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle*, the greatest dog story I ever read; it is like Hamlet with Hamlet left out, all the more noticeable because the Great Dane is included.

I like cat lore. I had written about the ecstasy a cat will show in washing itself. A letter comes from Worcester, Massachusetts:

"My cat, after eating a pork bone, licked herself 650 times by actual count. She goes through these ablutions at least four times a day."

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:

Mark Twain: *Man and Legend*, De Lancey Ferguson (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3).—*Anglo-American Literary Relations*, George Stuart Gordon (Oxford, \$2).—*Yesterday's Children*, La Mar Warwick (Crowell, \$2).—*In the Army Now*, Gene Gach (Dodd, Mead, \$2).—*One World*, Wendell L. Willkie (Simon & Schuster, \$1).—*Arthur Pendragon of Britain*, edited by John W. Donaldson (Putnam, \$5).—*Introduction to Modern English and American Literature*, edited by W. S. Maugham (New Home Library, New York).—*The Fireside Book of Dog Stories*, edited by Jack Goodman (Simon & Schuster, \$3).



SERGEANT Gene Gach, narrator of military life in his recent book *In the Army Now*.

*See *Packages from Home*, August, 1942, issue, and *Mail Call*, December, 1941.



Prairie Schooner TEXAS STYLE

SHE'S A TRIM little tub—this ship you see here—but she'll never sail the seas. She's 500 miles from the nearest one . . . and has never weathered anything heavier than the smattering rains of the Texas Panhandle. She is the *Sea Scout Ship Rotary* out of Borger, an oil town of 10,500 souls. Though anchored high and dry on a vacant lot, this prairie schooner is taking dozens of boys on a lively cruise into sea lore, signalling, naval decorum, and other arts of

the sea—and is steering them to the shoals of juvenile mischief.

Two years ago the *S. S. S. Rotary* was just a couple of boxcars—the dream of Borger Rotarians who saw in Sea Scouting—and a setting for it—a good way to get teen-age boys wholesome recreation. Teaming up, then, with the Boy Scouts, they sawed and hammered away on those cars for a year—and at last the broad-beamed beauty was done. It had cost less than \$150. That launching!

"I CHRISTEN thee 'Sea Scout Ship Rotary!' " The lady about to send the boat on its stationary way is Mrs. J. B. Andress, wife of Borger's Rotarian Mayor. . . . (l. to r.): Rotary Ship Committeemen Yows, White, Latimer, Beavers, and Davis.





Photos: Wallis Nelson



OUT ON THE sun-splashed fo'c'sle of the good ship *Rotary*, a part of the crew takes a lesson in knot tying from the vessel's mate. Soon they'll know almost every kind of twist from a becket bend to a marline-spike hitch—and they will need to. To be

a Sea Scout a lad must be expert in knot tying—and in signalling, sea lore, naval decorum, and safety practices as well. In heavy weather and for regular meetings of the ship's company, the tars go below to the snug cabin. And they chow there, too!



CREW NO. 1—the *Rotary* has two crews—lines up with Skipper R. V. ("Jack") Latimer for its picture. The skipper's a grocer and butcher by trade—but he knows the ways of the sea and ships as few landmen do. His fellow Rotarians credit him with much of the success of the Borger project.

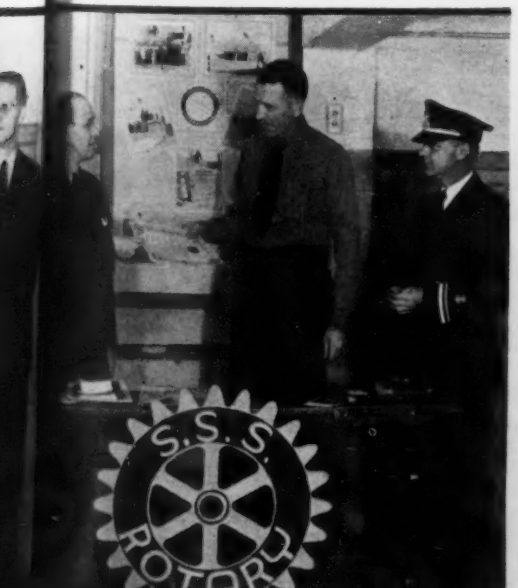
BELOW: The Sea Scouts pipe the skipper aboard. Note the "boatswain's call," the whistle the youth in the foreground is blowing. It's authentic—as is almost every detail on this landbound ship. Most of the boys earn and buy their own uniforms—though some have been assisted by local Rotarians.

can testify that no real battle wagon was ever christened with more enthusiasm. A Navyman was there; the Mayor, business men, and Scouting chiefs swarmed the decks (see cut), listened to a ceremony, sang *Blow the Man Down*—and then ate a Rotary luncheon on board. Two months after the ship's colors went up, Borger Sea Scouts had won their national charter.

I've seen many a fish out of water—but none like the *S. S. S. Rotary*. It's happier out than in.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

THE SHIP'S charter arrives! and in a ceremony on board, Scout Executive Fred Roberts hands it to Club President Ely E. Fonville.





MATE Rotarian Howard Beavers comes aboard. A Boy Scout leader, he helped steer the S.S.S. Rotary through the straits of organization, and spells the skipper as it sails on.

SEA SCOUT John Murry Pirtle takes the helm. Though the seas he scans are only seas of prairie grass, he nevertheless gets the feel of the bridge and learns the rudiments of navigation. Immobile as the S.S.S. Rotary may be, the lumber in it has travelled far. It came from two rickety boxcars donated and hauled to the site by the Santa Fe Railroad.



UP ON THE top deck, Bob Beavers wigwags a message to fellow Sea Scouts three blocks away. Buzzy Huffman records the answer. Note their earnestness. The whole crew shares it.



LINES can foul on the best of ships—but Jack St. Clair and Bob Middleton will clear them. That mast, by the way, was once a lamppost. Using such odds and ends, Borger Rotarians held the cash cost of Rotary down to \$150.



ON THE AIR . . . Kodiak Rotarians F. M. Hermann (center), and F. G. Ayers (right) are interviewed for a program on Station WVCQ.

Rotarians at Kodiak, Alaska, 'Godfather' an Army Radio Station

JUST OFF the Alaskan mainland, near the root of the Aleutian peninsula, there's a middle-sized island called Kodiak. Its principal town (pop. 500) is called Kodiak, too. Now life has always been quiet—but never dull—in both these mist-kissed Kodiaks, for contact with the outside world has been infrequent, often difficult.

Maybe the townsfolk had grown used to it, but the servicemen whom Uncle Sam began sending there in ever greater numbers weren't thoroughly happy about this solitude. Their radio sets, for instance, couldn't pick up outside

stations—and there was no local one.

And so they did something about it. With makeshift equipment and an armful of old recordings, some of the young radio geniuses of near-by Fort Greely assembled a real radio broadcasting station—KODK. A mess hall, any handy nook, served as a "studio." And what KODK "put out" the boys ate up—and so did civilian listeners.

Then, last year, a Rotary Club was founded in Kodiak. Eager to help, the members of the new Club set out to raise funds for a 12-month transcription service for the station. They appealed to merchants and townsmen for \$1,200—and got \$1,825 in one week!

Station KODK—the "Voice of Fort Greely"—then became WVCQ. With the Rotary-financed music library, the station began a daily 16½-hour schedule of entertainment. And with it all WVCQ had won this distinction: it is the only radio station of its kind in the world—operating on commercial lines by Uncle Sam's men in line of duty.

As official "father" of the station, Major William H. Adams conferred upon the Kodiak Rotary Club the title of "Godfather." To Rotarian Robert H. Chadwick, then Club President, he wrote: "Your constant support, from the early days when we had to operate with makeshift equipment and a handful of recordings, has been fundamental

in our progress. In appreciation, on behalf of the station staff, as well as our soldiers . . . I hereby confer with pleasure on Rotary Club No. 5533 the honorary title 'Godfather of WVCQ.'"

After presentation of the \$1,200 deed, a half-hour radio program commemorated the occasion, with speeches by Rotarians Chadwick and Lieutenant S. A. Harvey, then Vice-President.

Describing the gift as "in appreciation of what the station has been doing for our townsfolk," Rotarian Chadwick said that "without WVCQ, most of our radio sets would be useless."

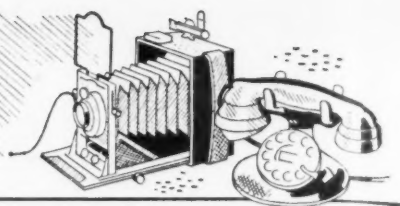
AT THE controls, Rotarian Chadwick gets pointers from Station Director Adams, U. S. A.



Rotary Clubs
5,150

Rotarians
205,000

Rotary Reporter



Toothing Rotarians Furnish Trumpets

Instead of "blowing their own trumpet," Rotarians of TOOTING, ENGLAND, let others blow the horn. The Club recently furnished instruments and drums for the TOOTING Army Cadet Force. Moreover, Club members have long extended hospitality to members of the Canadian Forces stationed near LONDON.

Supply Vital Workers

Among its many services, the Rotary Club of NORMAN, OKLA., has helped fight the manpower shortage by training 160 men in auto mechanics and metal work and by securing 200 farm laborers.

New Rotarians Fill Empty Chairs

Sure, lots of Rotarians are changing from "civies" to khaki and navy blue. So what? The really *live* Rotary Clubs are keeping up their rosters by studying "open classifications"—then going out and filling them with good but heretofore overlooked men.

Only 26 members were on the rolls at CHESTERTOWN, Md., last July. But this Club—which has been represented by its own members (not proxies) at every Rotary Convention since it started in 1926—begins the new Rotary year with 43!

In the heart of Texas, a small Club was in the dumps a few months ago. Several of the members were in the service, or soon would be. "Let's fold up," was the word passed along—and to the District Governor when he arrived for his official visit. But "D.G." Charles E. Paxton, of Sweetwater, had every chair filled with enthusiastic Rotarians—including four new ones.

Pushing an intensive membership drive since August, 1942, when war-time conditions lowered the roster to 27, the Rotary Club of NEVADA, Mo., went out to boost its membership to 50—and got 59. And Club members are still pushing the drive!

And How Could They Be Good?

Fine provoking behavior was recently encouraged at Rotary Club meetings in MOLINE, ILL. For one month the Sergeant-at-Arms assessed fines calling for the purchase of a \$100 war bond instead of the usual dime assessment! And to make it sporting, he agreed to buy a \$100 bond

himself for every member he "couldn't catch" by the end of the month.

Train Truckers for Emergencies

Girding civilian defense and maintaining morale, Rotarians of the UNIVERSITY DISTRICT OF SEATTLE, WASH., sponsor an emergency ambulance unit of 25 trucks and three ambulances for the Disaster Relief Commission of the Red Cross. Drivers and helpers have been trained in first aid, and each truck has a first-aid kit, stretcher, blankets, and flashlight.

Helping Hand to Hard-Timers

Six hundred and sixty came to tea when the Rotary Club of DUBLIN, EIRE, entertained 600 poor children and 60 mothers recently. The Club also distributed 500 toys to a local children's hospital, and was the host at a party for 250 children.

Funds Lessen Civilian Suffering

Fund raising to aid citizens of the United Kingdom blinded or maimed by the war has been an objective of the Rotary Club of MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA, since October, 1941. A special feature of the fund-raising program, called a "Birthday Thank-Offering Fund," is the frequent relation of donations to the age of the donor. For example, the Rotary Club of MONTREAL itself made an initial donation of \$280 on its 28th birthday, representing \$10 for each year of its existence. Dona-

tions to the fund had reached \$5,689 by the end of January, 1943. A booklet explaining this humane work has been published by the Club, and can be obtained on request from the Rotary Club of MONTREAL, in care of the Mount Royal Hotel.

Fireside Forums in Newfoundland

The "fireside meeting"—for discussion of national and international issues—is a steadily growing activity among Rotary Clubs. The Rotary Club of ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, has held such meetings fortnightly for more than 20 years. Club members are divided into six groups, each with 12 to 15 members. Typical is the "Caribou Group," which prints a report of each meeting in its publication, *Chat-box*.

Foochow Club Keeps Going!

With contact cut off from other Rotary Clubs for almost a year, and with some two-thirds of its membership withdrawn to the interior, the Rotary Club of FOOCHOW, CHINA, carried on for more than a year—and now it has eight new members, bringing the total membership to 19 active Rotarians.

Adopt Prisoners, Refugee Children

The Rotary Club of KINGMAN, ARIZ., is supporting two English *évacué* children. . . . The OSHAWA, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club entertains British war guest children. . . . CARDS-



Korsh

'The Path to Freedom'

Cordial words of goodwill from W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, were expressed in a letter to Norman G. Foster, of Ottawa, Ont., Immediate Past Director of Rotary International, prior to the latter's recent addresses to Rotarians of Springfield and Boston, Mass. Wrote the Prime Minister:

. . . You are, I believe, to speak about Canada's war effort. The information you convey will, I am sure, contribute still more to that mutual understanding which has done so much to further the efforts of the United States and Canada in the common cause.

The United States and Canada, in working out their joint plans of military and economic coöperation, have done much more than provide a strong defense for this continent. We have created a working model of international coöperation. And the way of coöperation and mutual aid is not only the road to victory of the United Nations; it is also the path to freedom and equality for all.

Please extend to the members of Rotary International my best of wishes for continued success in their efforts to promote the spirit of service and mutual aid throughout the world.

TON, ALTA., CANADA, Rotarians have adopted a prisoner of war. . . . Rotarians of ANNAPOLIS, Md., help with the activities of the Seamen's Haven. . . . The Rotary Club of CONCORD, N. H., helps refugee couples to become established in its community.

Eyes on the Sky In full charge of the local lookout post, the Rotary Club of PENNSGROVE, N. J., pays telephone, light, and heat bills; mans it 24 hours a day and maintains its schedule; and trains the watchers.

Exeter Is Tough!

The Rotary Club of EXETER, ENGLAND, was down—but not out. Here's an excerpt from a letter it sent to the Rotary Club of ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA:

Our Club suffered in the Nazi blitz raid on the city of EXETER, losing all our property, including our headquarters, the Presidential and members' badges, international flags received from time to time from visitors from overseas, our visitors' book which contained many notable names, including those of Rotary, etc. Happily no member suffered bodily injury. We kept our love of Rotary, and desire that it should continue its good work in EXETER, and now we have new headquarters and an increasing membership. I have the privilege of reporting four new members when I make my next monthly return to Rotary International of Great Britain and Ireland. Yes, the Club is really alive and eager to fulfill the rules of Rotary as far as lies in our power.

District Collects Own 'Rotariana' Because photographs, letters, and records are so easily lost, District 119 (South Dakota and a portion of Iowa) has set up a standing Committee to assemble "Rotariana." Eventually a suitable repository will be established, where the District Rotary records will be preserved and a suitable exhibit will tell to visitors the story of Rotary's contribution to the development of the region.

Clubs Beat Goals in Bond Drive II Zooming stories still come in of how Rotary Clubs helped Uncle Sam put over his Second War Loan drive. Here are a few:

McComb, Miss.—Rotarians volunteered to buy \$2,500 in bonds. That was too easy, so they boosted their goal to \$25,000. Then, after \$31,825 was subscribed at a regular Club meeting, the goal was again upped—to \$50,000! But within a week, bonds totalling \$113,150 had been purchased. The final report showed \$120,150 in war bonds sold by the Club's War-Bond Committee—and all but \$10,000 worth had been purchased by Rotarians.

Fort Worth, Tex.—A half million dollars' worth of bonds was the target the Club set for itself. Within 24 hours it had scored a bullseye! When the campaign closed, 18 days later, Rotarians had hit the \$4,645,000 mark! . . . The city and county quota in the drive was \$23,233,000, but the 12 FORT WORTH service clubs—1,200 men altogether—staged



THEY "kept 'em flying" in the all-city kite contest at Long Beach, Calif.—sponsored annually by the city's Rotarians. Here are

some of the 700 contestants with Youth Service Committeemen Poitevin and Thackray and Club Secretary Ray Gillingham (center).



ENTERTAINING troops in the vicinity of Montreal, Que., Canada, this Ukrainian Mandolin Band—one part of the Montreal Rotary

Club's "Rota-Revue" show—has given more than 100 voluntary performances in two years and has travelled over 8,000 miles.



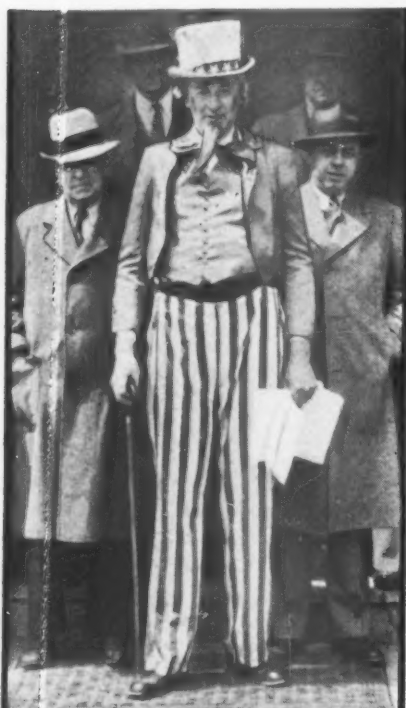
STORIES from the battle front—told firsthand—featured a recent program of the Rotary Club of Schenectady, N. Y. A Navy

public-relations officer interviews a naval officer, a sailor, and a marine, all of whom saw action on land or at sea.

a campaign of their own which helped to account for a large portion of the \$31,415,255 sold in the county.

Vincennes, Ind.—Rotarians sold—to individuals and through firms represented by Rotarians—\$286,100 in war bonds in one month. As a climax to the drive, the Club sponsored the appearance of Radio Newscaster Arthur Reilly at a local theater, with tickets purchasable only by war bonds, for a "Rotary Bond Nite," or "Rally with Reilly" affair.

Porterville, Calif.—During a half-



"UNCLE SAM" stepped in on Clintonville, Wis., Rotarians, stepped up bond pledges. He collected \$9,800 worth in ten minutes.

hour Club program 63 Rotarians bought \$120,500 in war bonds, laid their cash on the line.

Elizabethtown, Ky.—Meeting a challenge to sell \$1,000 in bonds in one week, Rotarians sold more than \$60,000 worth.

Ardmore, Pa.—In one Club meeting Rotarians raised \$51,600 in war bonds.

Belle Vernon, Pa.—At a regular Club meeting Rotarians bought \$10,175 worth of bonds, with every member present purchasing a bond, absentees buying two.

Rock Island, Ill.—Rotarians helped their city to oversubscribe its goal of \$5,375,000 by 42 percent, with more than \$8,400,000 worth of war bonds sold.

Long Beach, Calif.—Club members bought \$332,000 worth of war bonds in April.

Maori Bishop Tells of His Race

In a former museum, colorfully decorated with elaborate Maori art and carvings, and reproductions of New Zealand landscapes, the Rotary Club of WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND, holds its weekly meetings. Not long ago the Club was addressed by the Right Reverend F. A. Bennett, himself a Maori, who told of his people and the fine spirit of harmony which exists between the two races in New Zealand.

Salutations for Five Silver Fêtes

A toast of congratulation to the following Rotary Clubs upon the celebrations of their 25th anniversaries in July: Ventura, Calif.; Middletown, N. Y.; Clayton, N. Mex.; Baton Rouge, La.; Atchison, Kans.

Student Looney Now a Bomber

As a member of a bomber crew which stuck to its guns on a dangerous mission after destroying five enemy planes in a single engagement, and sinking a transport, Lieutenant George T. Maher, of LAREDO, TEX.,

Back on His Feet

Shortly after a Negro family of nine at MICHIGAN CITY, IND., lost their home by fire, one of the boys—age 11—had a leg cut off between the knee and the ankle by a mowing machine. Local Rotarians heard about it, and at a party raised \$190 to buy an artificial limb. Now the lad can romp and play almost as well as he ever could.

was recently awarded the Flying Cross. LAREDO Rotarians take pride in the young man's record, for they recall a student loan which they granted several years ago which assisted him in securing a college education.

British Mothers Speed War Bonds

Somewhat similar to the "HORSHAM Scheme" sponsored by the Rotary Club of HORSHAM, England,* is the Occupational Center in which Rotarians of CIRENCESTER, ENGLAND, are interested. In it, *evacués* and mothers of small children work part time in war industry.

The Center occupies four new shops, each with a floor space of 38½ by 16 feet. The day's work is arranged in three four-hour shifts, with no Sunday work and no evening shift on Saturday. Here, as contrasted with the "HORSHAM Scheme," where work is of a volunteer nature, employees are paid. One hundred women are employed on each shift.

Club Writes to Own Servicemen

With 40 percent of its membership in war service, the Rotary Club of SAN ANSELMO, CALIF., keeps in close touch with every one of its members. Copies of a news-packed, friendly letter is sent to each of them by a Club member every month, with copies of the weekly Club bulletin. Letters of appreciation from men all over the world attest the value of this service.

Clubs Sponsor Schools to Shoot

Besides helping servicemen, the Rotary Club of FLAT ROCK, MICH., helps prepare young men for service. Four members instruct boys aged 16 and over in a Club-sponsored gun school. . . . In DECATUR, ILL., the local Rotary Club has started rifle and pistol classes for prospective servicemen. . . . In CHATHAM, VA., the Rotary Club organized and coöperates with the local militia.

Johnny Doughboy Gets Around

In an adaptation of the accounts of THE SCRATCHPAD MAN'S peregrinations in THE ROTARIAN, the U. S. O. Center at SANTA ANA, CALIF.—directed by Rotarian C. Merle Waterman—has printed a folder detailing in pictures the adventures of "Johnny Doughboy" on his visit to the Center for dance

* See Where War Plants Purr in Parlors, by George Mawson, February, 1943, ROTARIAN.



IN HONOR of servicemen of Welch, W. Va., this 20-by 60-foot honor board was erected under the sponsorship of the local Rotary Club. It already lists 500 names, can hold 300 more.

SHOWING how easy it is to give blood for one's country, Rotarian Warren E. Townsend, of Philipsburg, Pa., gives "a pint of his best" for the Philipsburg Hospital's blood bank. Army Nurse Lt. Agnes E. Kane and Rotarian Dr. James L. Cornely (right) assist Dr. M. C. Ferrier, guest speaker.

ing, dining, singing, and other entertainment which is offered.

Blood Bank Drive Doubles \$800 Goal Practically doubling its quota of \$800, the Rotary Club of SANFORD, FLA., completed a one-week drive for funds for the central Florida blood bank with \$1,520 in the till. The quota was part of a \$15,000 blood-bank fund being raised in 12 central Florida counties. Money in excess of the \$800 quota was turned over to the Seminole County Defense Council for the establishment of a permanent loan fund to buy plasma for indigent cases.

The Young Look at What's to Be Spurring young folks to think of post-war problems, the Rotary Club of TALLULAH, LA., distributed copies of *A World to LIVE In*—the book of 30 selected articles on the theme from THE ROTARIAN (see page 2) among local high-school students, asked them to write themes about it. Composers of the two best themes were awarded war-stamp prizes.

Junior College students in FULTON, Mo., competed recently in a Rotary-sponsored essay contest on "The Post-War World." First-, second-, and third-place winners won prizes.

Lot of 'Fellah' Interests Club Improving the lot of the fellah (peasant) interests Rotarians of ZAGAZIG, EGYPT. They recently sponsored the formation of a cooperative society through which essential commodities are sold cheaply to the poor.

Thin Diets Swell Funds for Relief "Lean Texans" are getting leaner still as they pull in their belts to fill the purse for Rotary's Relief Fund for Rotarians. . . .

In GRANDVIEW a cup of mulligan recently served as more than the *pièce de résistance*, and the profit on the luncheon went to the fund. And in SHAMROCK, corn bread and milk made a meal; in LITTLEFIELD, sandwiches sufficed. The GRANDVIEW Club also conducted a recent cotton-picking contest among members. The money made from the picking went to the Relief Fund.

Rotarians everywhere are providing examples of how group eating can conserve food, and showing ingenuity in arranging wartime menus. LILLINGTON, N. C., Rotarians, for example, carry their own sandwiches to meetings, take their turn at the coffee urn. . . . For

H. B. CRANDALL (center), 1942-43 President of the Hornell, N. Y., Rotary Club, accepts a miniature tank and jeep from City Bond Drive Chairman M. J. Fairbanks after Rotarians sold \$235,000 in war bonds in a week. Their goal: \$25,000. Chairman Fairbanks' son (right) made the miniature war equipment.



Photo: Ogden Standard Examiner

one whole year members of the Rotary Club of BATAVIA, N. Y., built up a war fund by paying 75 cents for a 40-cent luncheon. The extra money, amounting to \$1,000, was turned over to the United States Government to purchase a "jeep" for the armed forces.

For setting an example in their city by attending regular Club meetings without using their cars, Rotarians of ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., recently received a letter of appreciation from the Office of Price Administration.

VINTON, LA., Rotarians were told by the woman who had been providing their meal service: "This is the last meal I shall be able to serve your Club." But after listening to a Past District Governor's inspiring address, she changed her mind, told the members: "If that is what Rotary is trying to do . . . I will do my part as long as I can get anything at all to serve, even if only sandwiches and coffee."



NO, THIS soldier isn't thumbing a ride—that isn't permitted—he's merely tossing peanut shells over his shoulder while awaiting a ride at the "pick-up" station which the Rotarians of Ogden, Utah, have erected for servicemen en route back to their camp.



Photo: Hornell Evening Tribune



Scratchpaddings

FIGHTER. SERGEANT PATRICK SMITH, of the 196th Photographic Corps of the United States Army, has always fought for what he believed in. A "youngster" at 47 and an active member of the Rotary Club of Norwalk, Conn., "PAT" today sports a medal for being the crack shot of his regiment.

During World War I, "PAT," then a 16-year-old boy in a Scottish regiment, was wounded twice by machine-gun fire. Before the war was over he became an acting lieutenant colonel, and was retired at the war's end with the permanent rank of captain. He came to the United States to help in the Victory Loan drive, decided to stay and become a citizen. Since then he has lectured to Rotary Clubs and other organizations, made 34 trips to the Orient—all made after he arrived in the United States and prior to World War II.

After the attack at Pearl Harbor, "PAT" enlisted as a private in the United States Army, for he had to "get in there and fight." He was soon promoted to the rank of sergeant.

As one of hundreds of Rotarians throughout the world who are serving in the armed forces of their country, "PAT" carries the spirit of Rotary service with him wherever he goes.

Sequel. An exchange visit between five English and four American boys was effected by the Rotary Club of Athens, Ga., and an English Rotary Club several years ago. Now only one of the English lads is still on the Athens Club's mailing list. The homes of two of the boys were bombed, and from Westmoreland, England, came recent confirmation of the death of another of

the boys. In a letter to SAM WOODS, editor of the Athens Club publication, ROTARIAN ARTHUR MILES, of Westmoreland, told of the death of his son, an R.A.F. flight lieutenant. In his letter of condolence, ROTARIAN WOODS told of the death of his own son, OWEN.

Honors. Two members of the Rotary Club of Ann Arbor, Mich., were recently honored at a testimonial dinner—J. RALEIGH NELSON and ALFRED HOLMAN WHITE, both on the faculty of the University of Michigan. PROFESSOR NELSON has retired after long service as director of the influential International Center of the University, where he has helped many young people to a greater understanding of relations among nations. PROFESSOR WHITE was for 50 years on the University faculty, but lately has retired as chairman of the department of chemical and metallurgical engineering.

Recently retired as president of the Retail Merchants Association of the Dominion of Canada is WILLIAM WESLEY COOPER, first President of the Rotary Club of Swift Current, Sask., Canada, and for 23 years an active Rotarian. He has attended several Rotary International Conventions. Besides his hobby of Rotary service, he particularly loves travel . . . and, obviously, people.

Recent honors also came to DONALD A. ADAMS, of New Haven, Conn., Past President of Rotary International, when Yankton College, Yankton, So. Dak., conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws.

Strikes Not Spared. Though entries were reduced to 37 Clubs this year, the 27th Annual Rotary International Telegraphic Bowling Tournament held in April was again a success. First-place honors went to the Scotia, N. Y., team, with a score of 2,833 pins. Kansas City, Mo., was second with 2,783. Sheboygan, Wis., was third with 2,772.

Individual prizes went to MARTIN T. MANION, of Wheeling, W. Va., for his high-10 score of 246, and to DR. LAWRENCE S. SCOTT, of Edwardsville, Ill., for a high-30 score of 610 pins. ROTARIAN ERLE G. SHEPHERD, of Kansas City, Mo., who won both high-10 and high-30 scores last year, repeated this year, with 255 and 709 pins, respectively. However, as he was on the winning second-place team, he was ineligible for the prizes. Similarly, the second high individual

high-30 game was rolled by WESLEY W. TABER, of the Scotia Club, with 634 pins; however, his being on the winning first-place team made him ineligible for the prize. All prizes were in war stamps. The Rotary Club of Kansas City, Mo., handled the arrangements.

Tribute. In honor of the late DR. ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELTON, creator of Rotary's motto "He Profits Most Who Serves Best," the Rotary Club of Kingston, N. Y., has printed the following tribute in richly ornamented lettering:

In Isaiah we read "The Voice said, Cry! and he said, What shall I cry?" In the formative days of the Rotary movement, ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELTON, a teacher, editor, and philosopher, created the dynamic cry for Rotary—"He Profits Most Who Serves Best!"

DR. SHELTON had a devotional desire to know life and to interpret it to his fellow-men. He realized that commercial prosperity, good laws, and social reforms would not create a great society. He knew that Rotary would have to evoke the Divine spirit that dwells in the heart of man to inspire him to place "Service above Self."

The commanding cry that he devised is now heard throughout the world! His words have inspired deeds of imperishable worth.

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELTON, humanitarian, and pioneer Rotarian, is buried in Kingston, Ulster County, New York.

The Kingston Rotary Club, and the Clubs of the 174th District of Rotary International unite to announce to the Sheldon Family, to all Rotary Clubs on every continent, and to all communities, where Rotary serves, that we still respond to the rallying cry of the kindly spirit who originated the use of the words that have been uttered in all languages, and have been translated by Rotary into vibrant action.

A set of DR. SHELTON's writings has been presented to the Kingston Public Library, and one to the library of Rotary International, in Chicago, Ill.

No Gas Eater. ROTARIAN FRANCIS G. FURTON, of New Haven, Mich., doesn't have to "get a horse" because of the gasoline shortage. In May he drove to St. Louis, Mo., with his wife on a combined business and Convention trip. On a round trip in his small automobile—a Crosley—he averaged 40 miles to the gallon.

Cask. This little barrel around Rover's neck has been places. COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO, Past

Vice-President of Rotary International, sent it—full of cigars—from Manila several years ago to FRANK PHILLIPS, of Ithaca, N. Y., Past Vice-President of Rotary International and world authority on apiculture. When the latter visited Columbus, Ohio, and saw ROTARIAN DR. NEALE F. HOWARD's St. Bernard, he had the cask placed around Rover's neck for this picture. COLONEL ROMULO, now aide to GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, is the author of the book *I Saw the Fall of The Philippines*. He was a featured speaker at the recent annual Convention of Rotary International in St. Louis.

Add: Scout Awards. The list of Rotarians who have won the Silver Beaver Award, given by the Boy Scouts of America for distinguished service to boyhood, grows longer, with the addi-



"Pat" Smith



Cooper



Rover

Rotary's 38-Year Record

Charters issued	5,744
Charters cancelled (including 369 in Axis countries and Axis-occupied countries)	596
Net Rotary Clubs	5,148
Dormant Clubs	167
Total number of active Clubs	4,981

tion of these names: J. T. PALMER, of Wolfeboro, N. H.; A. L. SHUMAN, of Fort Worth, Tex.; CHARLES E. PAXTON, of Graham, Tex.; WALTER W. R. MAY, of Sweetwater, Tex.; M. W. LARMOUR, and ALFRED PARKER, of Portland, Ore.; GEORGE B. LLOYD, of Vancouver, Wash.; HARPER JAMISON, of McMinnville, Ore.; DR. GILBERT W. MEAD, of Chestertown, Md.; HENRY O. CHAPOTON, ISAAC A. HARTUNG, and CLARENCE F. BARCK, of Mount Clemens, Mich.; PAUL H. KEMERER, of Carrollton, Ohio.

FIELDING H. YOST, Rotarian of Ann Arbor, Mich., and University of Michigan athletic director, is a holder of the Silver Buffalo Award.

Look Alike? Note that even the eyeglasses match on these two Rotarians.

The one above is MONTAGUE GILDERSLEEVE, of Cleveland, Ohio; and below is CLAUDE E. CARPENTER, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

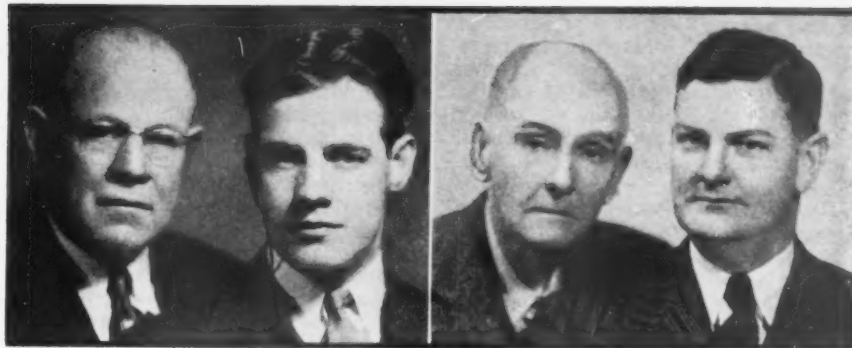


Internee. Known to many Rotarians—especially those who attended the Convention of Rotary International in Denver, Colo., in 1941—is THEODORE L. HALL, 1941-42 Governor of District 81 (The Philippines). He is now interned at Santo Tomas Internment Camp in Manila. In an issue of the camp's *Internews*, published by the organization in New York assisting in repatriation of American civilians interned or detained in The Philippines, and written by internees prior to June, 1942, PAST GOVERNOR HALL wrote an item requesting Rotarians to register at the internment-camp office. Subsequent issues of *Internews* contained no information regarding the results of the notice.

Believe It? The first Rotarian to make his hotel reservation for Rotary's 1943 reunion in St. Louis, Mo., was EUGENE A. BOLAND, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Calhoun City, Miss. In January he phoned the office of the Convention Manager for a reservation. This information was carefully verified by THE SCRATCHPAD MAN after he learned that ROTARIAN BOLAND won a "liar's contest" held by his Club not long ago!

Fellows of Hawaii. Four Rotarians from Hawaii attended Rotary's annual meeting in St. Louis, Mo.: CHARLES R. FRAZIER, of Honolulu, Incoming Governor of District 100; FRANK R. COOK, President-Elect of the Rotary Club of Hilo, Hawaii; WILLIAM D. FRY, D.D., head of the Methodist Mission in Honolulu; ARTHUR H. EYLES III, Community Chest executive, Honolulu.

'Doughboy.' MACON WARE, a retail druggist of Arlington, Va., and his Rotary Club's delegate at the St. Louis Convention, is especially proud of his calling



THE ROTARY Club of Nevada, Mo., boasts two pairs of father-and-son combinations. At the left: George Dalton and son, George R.; at right: Lee Ewing and son, Lynn, Mayor of Nevada.

since *Life* magazine (April 26) told of the adventures in England of a typical "doughboy," CORPORAL HOWARD THOMAS. CORPORAL THOMAS is from ROTARIAN WARE's home town, Falls Church, Va., and, according to the article, he "hung around Ware's Drug Store in the afternoons to drink Cokes with his girl and talk to the gang."

Regular Fellows. First registrant at Rotary's annual meeting in St. Louis, Mo., in May, was AMOS E. KENNEY, 75-year-old attorney of Spencer, W. Va. Since the 1922 Convention at Los Angeles, Calif., he has attended every reunion except four, and he had a 19½-year 100 percent attendance record at Rotary Club meetings until illness kept him away for four weeks.

ROTARIAN AND MRS. WILLIAM F. HOFFMAN, of Wayne, Mich., have attended all Rotary's international Conventions since 1924. Besides this, ROTARIAN HOFFMAN has a perfect-attendance record at Club meetings since he became a member in 1923. MRS. HOFFMAN is president of the Michigan League for Crippled Children.

Sugar Saver. A merry laugh marked the discovery by a Latin-American señora at the St. Louis Convention that she did not need to bring the two pounds of sugar brought from home. "I thought restaurants served coffee without sugar," she explained. Her new North American friends chuckled, too—but

noted that it was an object lesson of the need for mutual understanding among the Americas.

Co-Rescuer. Not long ago ROTARIAN TED F. TRENT, of Honolulu, Hawaii, arriving home after a hard day's work, suddenly heard frantic calls for help from the water front. He rushed to the shore, shedding clothes as he ran, and plunged in the water at the same time as did a naval officer. The drowning man had gone down when the two rescuers reached him, but by diving they finally found him, pulled him up, and brought him to shore, with the help of a 11-year-old boy who had also swum to the scene. Artificial respiration soon revived the man.

Reading Matters. A request to Rotarians and their friends for old issues of magazines—especially of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which are scarce in the country—comes from THOMAS CONLY, vocational guidance officer in Dunedin, New Zealand. He also expresses appreciation, on behalf of his countrymen, for the company of American servicemen in New Zealand.

Contact. Another bit of proof that THE ROTARIAN "gets around" is contained in a letter received by PAUL CLAIBORNE, of Auburn, Calif., a Past District Governor, from his brother, LLOYD L., who is serving overseas with the U. S. Marine Corps. In it he told how, while

They're Bonded by Double Ties

Here are six sets of fathers and sons—all active members of the Rotary Club of Salt Lake City, Utah. Left to right (in each case the father is at the left of each pair) they are (1 and 2) William R. Wallace and son John M.; (3 and 4) Arthur C. Wherry and Ted E.; (5 and 6) Lee Lovinger and Lee, Jr.; (7 and 8) Louis E. Arnold and Raymond L.; (9 and 10) Phil J. Purcell and Phil, Jr.; (11 and 12) Leon Sweet and Leon J.



reading a back issue of the magazine by candle light, he found a picture of ROTARIAN CLAIBORNE, clipped it, put it in his wallet—"the only picture I have of you." The photo had shown ROTARIAN CLAIBORNE, as founder of the 20-30 Clubs, with PAUL P. HARRIS, Founder of Rotary.

Baseball in 1950. Forecasting a Hemispheric World Series League for 1950, with the Philadelphia "Phillies" meeting the Melbourne, Australia, "Diggers," ROTARIAN CARL L. BIEMILLER, a



FATHER-AND-SON pair: Rotarians O. Percy Makepeace and Harold T., of Sanford, N. C.

Camden, N. J., newspaperman, recently gave sports fans something to think about in an article in the Philadelphia *Record*. Pointing out that "no spot on the globe is more than 60 hours by air from Philadelphia, Pa., now," ROTARIAN BIEMILLER sees Moscow, London, Nome, Chungking, Melbourne, Manila, Rio de Janeiro, and Dakar as some of the key league cities. He also sees in his crystal ball that "by 1950 you'll have commutation tickets (for aircraft travel) at a half-cent a 100 miles."

Buyers for Servicemen. A unique shopping arrangement for men and women of the Allied forces puts the services of big city stores at their disposal no matter where they are stationed. Flowers, gifts, and necessities are sent to and from service men and women by volunteers who do the shopping and shipping. All that is necessary is a letter telling the writer's needs, or where he or she wishes a gift sent, with a money order for the approximate amount enclosed. If interested, write: Service Men's Service, 8 East 61st St., New York, N. Y.

Wee World. When two sergeants flew from California's Victorville Army Flying School to San Bernardino to tell local Rotarians about glider flying, Club members naturally paid strict attention. But their interest mounted to delighted amazement when it was learned that one of the sergeants was the son and namesake of the President-Elect of Rotary International, CHARLES L. WHEELER.

Musical Notes. Giving song leaders a cue on key, ROTARIAN PETER LESUEUR, of Erie, Pa., suggests a way to correct the "unsingability" of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, once described by IRVIN

S. COBB, American humorist, as a song which could only be sung by a boy whose voice was changing. The United States national anthem should be sung in a lower tone, according to ROTARIAN LESUEUR, principal of the Erie Conservatory of Music. He has had fellow Club members sing it in the key of A flat rather than B flat and reports "highly satisfactory results."

For serving 25 years as faithful leader of the Wheeling, W. Va., Rotary Club orchestra, WALTER ROGERS received a recent tribute from fellow Club members.

Relief Fund. Contributions to Rotary International's Relief Fund for Rotarians are still coming in. DR. MARVEL BEEM, while Governor of District 107 (a portion of California), asked Clubs of his District for one dollar per member.

Legislation. For the past ten years the law-making function of Rotary's annual international Conventions has been facilitated by a Council on Legislation. This small democratic forum—representing Districted and non-Districted Clubs and representatives at large—studies Proposed Enactments and Resolutions, then reports its recommendations to the voting delegates of the Convention for their final action.

At the annual meeting held May 18-20 in St. Louis, Mo., the Council opened with PRESIDENT CARBAJAL's appointment of PAST DIRECTOR KARL MILLER, of Dodge City, Kans., as Chairman, then deliberated all proposed legislation. After studying Council recommendations, the Convention voted on 17 Proposed Enactments and Resolutions. Here, in brief, are those adopted:

Amendment of the provision regarding the organization of more than one Rotary Club in a city to provide that when a Club releases territory to another group to organize an additional Club or Clubs, it may retain the right to admit from the territorial limits of the new Club or Clubs, members whose business, executive duties, or professional activities are of a scope to include the entire city or municipal area.

The terms of reference of the Finance Committee of Rotary International were clarified by this restatement: "To prepare and recommend the general administration budget, and to review the budget of the magazine or magazines published by Rotary International."

To assure change of personnel on the Committees of Rotary International, an amendment to the By-Laws of Rotary International was made to limit the term of service to two years on the same Committee, unless there be specific provision to the contrary in the By-Laws or by Convention action.

Because world conditions prevented Clubs in many parts of the world from being represented at the Convention, the Convention attendance contest was suspended until such time as this suspension may be revoked by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

The Convention approved amendments to the Constitution of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland changing the designation of senior

membership to senior active membership in accordance with similar action taken by Rotary International at the Toronto Convention in 1942.

Provision was made for a continuation of the Committee on Participation of Rotarians in the Post-War World for the duration of the present wars and for a period of at least two years thereafter.

The Magazine Committee was enlarged from five to six members, by adding to the Committee another Director from United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, to serve for a one-year term. The legislation also directs the Board of Directors to present to the next Convention a Proposed Enactment to make the Magazine Committee a standing Committee of Rotary International.

The position of Rotary with reference to a Rotarian's relation to his country was redefined and the previous statement on this subject, adopted at the Convention in 1929 at Dallas, Tex., was rescinded. (See page 64 for text.)

Authorization was made to transfer \$100,000 from the surplus funds of Rotary International to the Rotary Foundation.

The terms of reference of the Committee on Relief to Rotarians were revised, and the procedure for handling the moneys in the Fund was simplified and made more specific as to the Rotary International Board's final control on all expenditures.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Add: 'E' Award Winners

The following firms—with Rotarians in executive positions—are among those recently to receive the Army-Navy "E" Award, and thus be officially commended for excellence in the production of war materials:

LaPlant-Choate Manufacturing Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. ROTARIANS ROY E. CHOATE and ELLSWORTH W. AUSTIN.

Century Engineering Corp., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. ROTARIAN JOSEPH A. LATTNER.

Universal Engineering Corp., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. ROTARIAN EDWARD F. MOORMAN.

The Mullins Manufacturing Corp., Salem, Ohio. ROTARIANS ANDREW MACLEOD, JOE B. MARTIN, JOHN WEBER, JR., LOUIS E. PLACK.

Exposition Cotton Mills, Atlanta, Ga. ROTARIAN GEORGE GLENN.

Scripto Manufacturing Co., Atlanta, Ga. ROTARIAN EUGENE J. STERN.

Pangborn Corp., Hagerstown, Md. ROTARIANS JOHN C. PANGBORN and LLOYD L. STOFFER.

Pine Bluff Arsenal, Pine Bluff, Ark. ROTARIAN GENERAL A. M. PRENTISS.

Safety Car Heating and Lighting Co., New Haven, Conn. ROTARIAN GEORGE MATTHESEN.

Seiberling Rubber Co., Barberton, Ohio. ROTARIAN OLIVER WOLCOTT.

Continental Mills, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN E. STANLEY BOWERS.

U. S. Marine Corps Quartermaster Depot, Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN MAURICE C. GREGORY, COLONEL, U.S. M.C.

Fairechild Aircraft Corp., Hagerstown, Md. ROTARIANS RICHARD A. HENSON and PAUL J. FRIZZELL.



pinion

Pithy Bits Gleaned from Talks, Letters and Rotary Publications

Heart Improvement Needed

RONALD J. ALLEN, *Rotarian*
Investment Banker
Duncan, British Columbia, Canada

We are inclined these days to blame all the ills of the world on the social and economic systems. I do not deny that there is room for improvement in these systems, but I am of the opinion that a greater room for improvement is in the hearts and minds of men. There are too many men today with the attitude, "I'm all right, it's the system that's wrong." Unless a man has a worthwhile ideal he is lost under any system. Improving these systems is not in our line, but improving the hearts and minds of men is "right down our alley," and so I think we can offer a greater service to our community by building up our membership and so spreading the Rotary ideal of service. It's worth it.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Re: Rotary in Our Town

JOHN J. DIETRICH, *Savings and Loans*
Secretary, *Rotary Club*
Columbia, Pennsylvania

The following questions were given to 13 members of our Club and at the next meeting each talked for two minutes on his question. Perhaps other Rotary Clubs will be interested. The theme of the meeting was "What Is Rotary's Reputation in Our Town and What Does the Community Think of Us As an Organization?"

1. What do we individually contribute to make the public think well of us?
2. Does the wearing of a Rotary button on your coat make any difference in the average citizen's opinion of you as an influence in the community?
3. Does the average citizen consider it an honor to belong to this Rotary Club, and if so, why?
4. Do the businessmen of this town think that this Club has contributed to the improvement of business or professional practices? If so, what?
5. Does the community judge Rotary by the individual conduct of its members?
6. Does the community think of us as just a dinner club whose members get together just to enjoy themselves?
7. What does the man who labors think of us? Will he judge our Club by what he thinks of us who may be known as the "boss"?
8. Do our customers or professional clients regard our membership as a guaranty of fair dealings?
9. Does the town think our community activities are really because of a desire to help or to advertise ourselves?
10. Will our competitors judge Rotary by the way we conduct our business?
11. Does the community expect of us a more active part in civic welfare than non-members of Rotary?
12. What do our families think of this Rotary Club?
13. Does the church think our Club has contributed to the advancement of the spiritual welfare of the community?

A Lesson from the Geese

LOUIS OTTO BAYER, *Rotarian*
Dentist
Colac, Australia

I visited America 20 years ago and again three years ago. I admire North America and I see a great lesson in its squirrels, the beavers, the almost hu-

man California redwoods, the wild geese, which are in abundance.

It is a remarkable thing that when a man shoots or cripples one in flight, the others immediately nose-dive, and in solid formation with their wings build a moving platform underneath their wounded member and carry it for miles, until it completely succumbs or regains sufficient strength to carry on with the group.

Surely we civilized men could be expected to do no less than the geese, and especially when we are privileged to live in this the most favored part of the world. Carry on your good work, for bear in mind that we are going to leave this colossal global tangle to be unravelled by the youth of today. We will not have to do it.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Tribute—Relic of Yesterday

WILLIAM ANTHONY, *Rotarian*
Book Publisher
Baltimore, Maryland

Levying tribute on a conquered nation is a relic of the days when the conqueror worked on the theory that the way to keep peace was to enrich himself and impoverish the enemy. Indemnities serve only to keep alive the basal causes of war. Out of this conflict must come not only law and order—freedom from fear—but the other free-

doms of the Atlantic Charter as well: freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and freedom from want. And American businessmen have tacitly, but firmly, added another: freedom of private enterprise.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

The Engineer's Point of View

ALFRED M. FREUDENTHAL, *Rotarian*
Consulting Engineer
Jaffa-Tel Aviv, Palestine

What is the engineer's point of view?

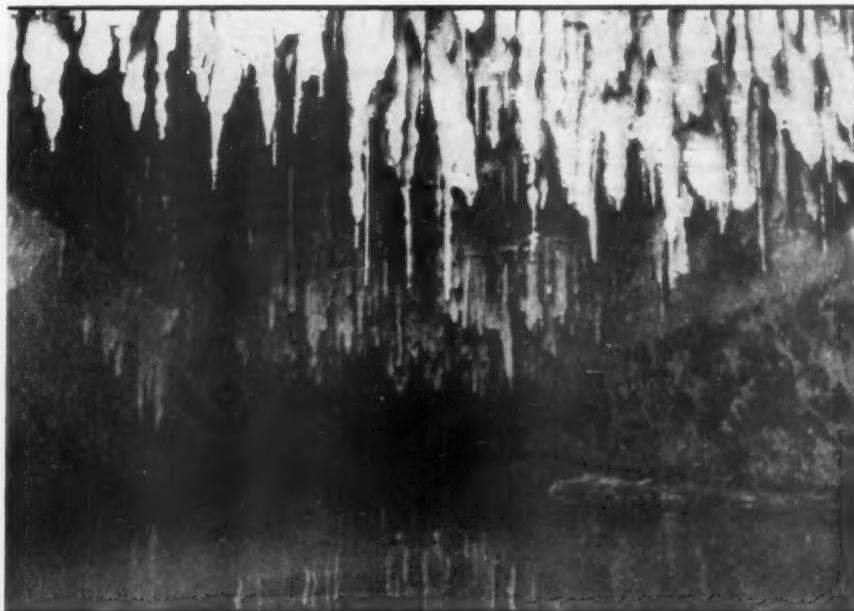
It is, shortly, the belief that action, to be successful, should always be guided by the three factors which Hippocrates recognized as essential for the successful practice of medicine: first, an intimate; habitual, and intuitive familiarity with the subject, which can only be acquired through hard, persistent, and intelligent work. Second, a systematic knowledge of the subject derived from accurate observation of things and events, their selection, classification, and methodical exploitation; third, an effective, judicious way of thinking about things, born of familiarity with the relevant phenomena.

It is also the disbelief in ancient, traditional myths and superstitions, in philosophical speculation and controversy on an insufficient foundation of fact, and in emotion as a guiding principle or as a paramount principle for responsible action.

I am certain that everyone of you requires, intuitively, such an attitude from the doctor you consult as well as from the engineer you happen to employ. But how many economists, sociologists, or politicians have you met whose actions and opinions were equally

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!

Odd Shots



A COOL CAVE with varishaped stalactites hanging over a large lake? It could be—but it's not. Rather, it's the inside of a sewer pipe four feet in diameter. It was recorded with a wide-angle camera lens by Aage A. Mikkelsen, a Rotarian of Schenectady, N. Y.



"NEVER MIND about all the advice. Just hand me my gridiron!"

guided by the above principles? I do not for a moment assume that you would allow a doctor, theoretically well instructed, but inexperienced in practice, to prescribe a treatment for any member of your family, nor do I believe that you would purchase an airplane designed by a theoretically brilliant, practically inexperienced engineer as a tentative model. But you are accepting political and economic opinions, deduced from purely theoretical speculations, unsupported by factual evidence, opinions which, in the long run, may affect your individual life more strongly than the doctor's prescription and, occasionally, not less than a flight in a plane, which have not been sufficiently tested.

Outside Job

FELIPE SILVA, *Rotarian*
Corporation Lawyer
Cienfuegos, Cuba

A Rotarian's task is done outside the Club, among the members of his family, in his business, professional, and social circles. He attends the Club meetings to avail himself of the necessary inspiration to perform this task. For this purpose it is necessary that the Club be more than just a group of persons who meet weekly for the purpose of having lunch together.

'Salt of the Earth' . . .

SAMUEL FRIEDMAN, *Rotarian*
Realtor
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

If all your faculties, your limbs, your body, and your organs are in a fair shape of repair; if you are at peace with your neighbor, stand reasonably well in your community, have a moderate family who are blessed with average intelligence, morality, and integrity, and have the means to give that family the necessities and some of the luxuries of life and an average American education; and if your conscience is clear as to your social and business contact with your fellowman, then I say unto you that you are the salt of the earth. . . .

Be satisfied with a fair meed of happiness, be content should a rock wall preclude your further social or business advancement; be happy in the surroundings in which a just Creator has placed you.

On Seeing Mud . . . and Stars

FLOYD H. IOBST, *Rotarian*
Life Insurance Underwriter
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

What we get out of life depends in a great measure on the human equation; how we view it; what we do to make it more inspiring, more uplifting, more joyous. Take, for instance, the axiom "Two men looked through prison bars. One saw mud, the other stars." That's the difference in life. One person looks out at it and sees only the sordid things, the dark side of it. He's looking down and sees only the disagreeable. While, on the other hand, the other gazes up at the stars. He sees something there better than he now possesses, and he strives toward this new horizon. He has faith in himself; he believes in a bigger and better life and he visualizes far in the beyond a larger and fuller life.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Chalked Circle Shows Way

W. J. HASSELMAN, *Rotarian*
Food Broker
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

When I attended a general sales conference years ago, the administrator asked each one of us to chalk a circle on the floor and to stand within it and take a complete inventory of our individual selves so that we could place our efficiencies on one side and our inefficiencies on the other. Then we were, after careful self-analysis, to apply ourselves to the general sales program that was presented to us to govern our endeavors for the year. The result was an outstanding overall success, reaching the ultimate goal of the highest year's sales total that had been made by the company to that date.

'Cobber' Is the Word

C. V. SMITH, *Rotarian*
Confectioner
Dunedin, New Zealand

One reads many articles elaborating the meaning of fellowship, but the simple meaning of good fellowship is companionableness, or, as the Australians would put it, "being a cobber." Now, apart from the fact that companionableness is a very difficult word to pronounce at any time, I think "being a cobber" is a very much more descriptive expression. If you try to picture the actions of "two or three real cobbers," I think you can get the whole picture of Rotary stripped of a great deal of its wordy idealism.

First of all, "cobbers" would get on well together. They might argue, but not quarrel. They would joke, but not jeer. They would help each other, not hinder. They would trust each other, not distrust. United they would go to the assistance of an outside party where singly they might remain aloof.

You cannot imagine one of these cob-

bers "taking down" the other, nor can you imagine one of them "taking down" an outsider, whether it be his employer, his employee, or somebody with whom he is doing business. He might feel inclined to do so, but the thought of what his cobber would think would make him hesitate.

Things That Are Unseen

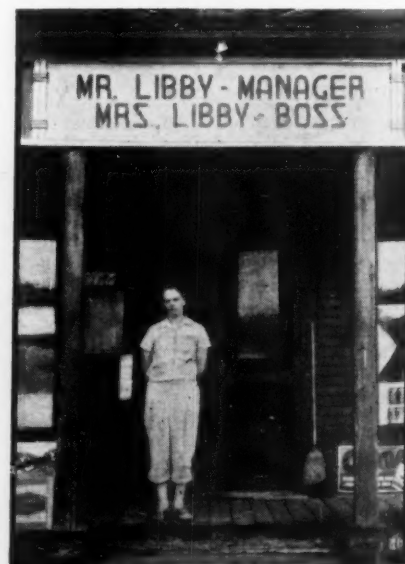
J. A. R. PEART, *Honorary Rotarian*
Past Rotary District Governor
Alexandria, Louisiana

You have the right to expect goodwill from the men who sit at your table with you, patience for your shortcomings, charity for your errors of judgment. Rotary does not expect you to be perfect, but the man who cannot overlook the faults of another, and be kind, has not grasped the big things in Rotary. . . . The things for which Rotary really stands are the things that are seen not, the permanent things in a man's life; the vital things; the things which he takes with him when he sets out on the great adventure from which no man returns.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

In Rotary It's Different

R. E. H. CROSBIE, O. B. E.
Commissioner, Lydda District
Jaffa, Palestine

Critics of the Palestine Administration have sometimes accused it of governing by mathematics in the attempt to keep the balance between the two principal communities. I fancy that if these critics were forced to come down from the snug seats of criticism into the dusty arena of action, they would seldom be seen abroad without a table of logarithms in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. In the Rotary Club, I am happy to say that none of these difficulties exists. It is possible to forget mathematics and to concentrate on the humanities.—*From a Rotary District Conference address.*



ANOTHER Odd Shot (see page 53)—presented by Robert E. Pike, of Great Bend, Pa. He opines that Mrs. Libby (shown here) "obviously wears the pants." Libbys' store is the only one in Enfield Center, N. H.

The Girl Who Couldn't Say 'Can't'!

WHEN a Canadian audience sat hushed recently at the violin performance of 18-year-old Betty Anne Fischer, it was witnessing the climax of a drama from life bordering on the miraculous. Behind the scenes is the story of the smiling resolution of a girl who couldn't say "can't"; and among the stage-setters were Rotarians who helped make her impossible dreams come true.

But let's begin with Act I. Eighteen years ago in Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, a baby girl was abandoned shortly after her birth. One of her little legs was deformed; she had no complete fingers on either hand. The Rotary Club of Kitchener-Waterloo became interested when she was brought to a crippled-children clinic it sponsored, and arranged to have her made a ward of the Children's Aid Society. The clinic's surgeons recommended an extended period of treatment in Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. Kitchener-Waterloo Rotarians agreed, dug deep into their pockets to pay Toronto hospital expenses (the surgeons contributed their services), arranged transportation between the two cities, and paid the cost of the child's care at St. Mary's Hospital in Kitchener, where she lived during the years of her metamorphosis.

Four years passed. Then, her leg straightened and firm and strong, she was placed in an orphanage, where her merry eyes melted the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fischer, of Waterloo. They chose her for their own—and thus it was that Alberta Fulowka became Betty Anne Fischer.

Act II might tell how Betty, only 5, heard the brilliant young violinist Menuhin. From that day on she knew her purpose in life. She would play the

violin! Friends, doctors, musicians—all agreed it was impossible. But Betty knew she could and would.

And she did—despite the seemingly insurmountable handicap of having stumps for fingers! Six months after



Betty Anne at 2.

that he consented to give her lessons.

This leads to Act III, which finds her becoming a guest soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at 11, and a concert artist at 15. Now at 18, music critics and famed violinists acknowledge her outstanding ability, agree her career is but beginning.

Rotarians of Kitchener-Waterloo take pardonable pride in the part they played in Betty's remarkable life. They recall, too, many others who have been helped by their Club's crippled-children program since it was initiated in 1923, and who have grown up to enjoy lives of usefulness, unfettered by physical handicaps.

Each year the Club sponsors a diagnostic clinic, at which the registration totals nearly 100 cases. More than \$3,000 is spent annually to carry on the work.

VIOLINIST Betty Anne Fischer as an 8-year-old medal winner (left) . . . and as she is today.



Tips from Retailers on the Alert!



Items of comment on preceding articles in the "Retailers on the Alert" series (see page 32 of this issue for current installment). Do you know of other examples of resourceful retailers? If so, send them in. They may help other merchants to pull through.—The Editors.

● "Here is another one for the book: A widow who operates a hardware store in St. Albans, New York, scored a hit by featuring back-yard picnic goods. With gasoline for cars hard to get, more people than ever will do their picnicking at home this year, so a store display suggesting how a picnic corner could be fixed up in the back yard created a lot of interest. Merchandise in the display was paper goods, vacuum bottles and jugs, grilles, outdoor tables and chairs, barbecue equipment, appropriate china and glassware, toasting forks, and other things associated with picnics. Later the display was revamped to cover away-from-home picnics."

● "The article in the May 'Rotarian' telling how food retailers are surviving the war reminds me of a food store in our town. Folks here entertain a good deal, so this grocer picks up extra business by setting aside a corner of the store for 'snack' displays. Midnight suppers seem to be taking the place of the pre-war dinner party. Specialties which can be bought with relatively few ration points prove a star attraction."

● "It used to be the carriage trade. Now it's the war-plant trade—especially women war workers. One store in Niagara Falls, New York, tells of excellent results from a window display having three women actually at work on war materials. The exhibit was arranged in coöperation with the campaign of the United States Employment Service to attract more home women into war work. Real lathes were installed in the windows, and local war plants loaned the workers. The women were outfitted in the very latest style of work clothing. The store quickly established itself as local headquarters for the latest in war-plant togs and safety supplies."

● "Yes, fashions have really come to war plants. Gimble Brothers, well-known Philadelphia department store, staged a special style show for the 8,000 women who work for the Radio Corporation of America in Camden, New Jersey. Safety clothes, together with leisure wearing apparel, were featured. The show was so arranged that workers from all shifts could attend—and they did."

The Stage-Door Canteen

[Continued from page 27]

Shore, Danny Kaye, and Fanny Brice, and dances with the most beautiful girls there are in the world—all without a penny to pay.

There is no doubt about the big drawing card. Mrs. Lesley J. McNair, wife of the Lieutenant General, welcomed a weatherbeaten sailor to the Washington, D. C., Canteen, and asked him what he wanted most. "Women!" he grinned. "Bring on the women!"

The sailor was referring delicately to



Photo: Acme

PRESENT at the New York Canteen this evening is Britain's Ambassador to the United States, Lord Halifax, shown with Actress Jane Cowl (right), a Canteen co-chairman.

the junior hostesses—4,000 carefully chosen girls representing every cross section of the United States. In one evening a serviceman may dance with an actress, an admiral's daughter, a Navy stenographer, a Diesel-plant worker, or a Powers' model.

The girls are selected on the basis of personality, friendliness, and tact. The percentage of beauties is "ceiling unlimited," according to an Air Corps pilot. "I go out to tag me a partner with my eyes closed," said a Navy radioman. "I know I can't help but pick a good-looker, and I like to be surprised."

Each junior hostess is on duty one night a week in a three-hour shift in which she dances approximately four miles, each mile a step nearer Berlin and Tokyo. She may average as many as 100 different partners in an evening, and wishes she knew where her next No. 17 coupon was coming from. The Canteens are so packed that it almost amounts to a Commando course to reach the dance floor. One sailor danced with a young actress and begged, as the music stopped, "Don't leave me—you've done such wonders for my morale that you've probably shortened the war by at least two years already!" A soldier exclaimed, "Why, your dancing with

me is practically the equivalent of opening up a second front!"

One of the strictest rules of the Canteen is that the girls are not allowed to "date" the boys they meet there, nor are they permitted to give out their telephone numbers. But in spite of such stringent rules, the boys and girls do seem to get together—each Canteen has its quota of Stage-Door-inspired marriages.

It is a liberal education for a girl to be a junior hostess. She learns to identify the ratings of all branches of the service, including the New Zealand fliers who have only one wing on their insignia—because, they kid her, American style, "We're so good we don't need two."

Often she hears, "I don't feel like dancing, but will you please sit and talk to me?" She finds that the boys worry about a mother who is ill, a problem-child kid brother, a sweetheart who hasn't written. And she also learns that most married men have wives who are prettier than Hedy Lamarr—and they can prove it by the pictures they carry in their pockets. Most of the boys are reluctant to talk about their experiences: a Commando will explain a broken arm by saying, "A bug bit me," and the sergeant maintains that he got his stripes by playing gin rummy.

Just the same, the boys appreciate the girls' interest. A grateful soldier brought one hostess a G.I.-baked birthday cake bearing 20 daisies. "We didn't have any candles at camp, so I substituted daisies—they grow right outside my barracks." On the wall of the Philadelphia Canteen appears an ornate framed work of art, carefully lettered on lonely nights on convoy duty, "A Citation to the Girls of the Stage-Door Canteen." And in a guest book is written:

*"What I like mostest is
All of the hostesses."*

After the junior hostesses, the Num-

ber One attraction is the food bar, a big counter decorated with apples, oranges, crystal jars of fruit juices, and a battery of shining coffee urns. "Boy, now you're on the beam," enthuses a sailor as he spots a squat casserole of golden-brown baked beans saturated with honey—and hot gingerbread to go with it. The young marine next in line helps himself to a portion of crusty, pineapple-scored baked ham before he moves on to the chicken-salad sandwiches and hot drinks. On cold Winter nights, hearty soup and steaming macaroni with melted cheese are favorite dishes. "Gee, just like Mother used to make!" is heard again and again in every Canteen.

"If we don't get tired, we feel we're not contributing," say the food-bar volunteers. They perform their tasks with almost military devotion to duty, serving their shifts even though they sometimes conflict with the departure of their own sons or husbands for the service. Checking their mink coats and heading for the dishwashing machine, they do kitchen work at the Canteen that they wouldn't think of doing anywhere else. One worker said, as she grimly shelled eggs, "My son is in a bomber shelling Germany with a different kind of egg right now."

One night in the Philadelphia Canteen an actively grateful sailor leaped to his feet and shouted, "Waddayuh say, fellows—let's dance the next one with the ladies from the kitchen!" There was a thunderous cry of assent, aprons were doffed, and laughing gray-haired ladies graced the dance floor in one of the gayest times the Canteen has ever seen.

Thousands of dollars' worth of free entertainment treads the boards weekly at these superglamour Canteens in stage shows that no producer could ever put on commercially with less than a national-debt endowment. The casts of practically every successful musical show in New York volunteered to entertain weekly for the duration, and other Canteens receive proportional entertainment. At the end of three months the



"MY WIFE always said that I was a worm."

Cleveland Canteen had danced to \$170,000 worth of orchestras.

Some of the entertainment most enjoyed by the boys does not take place on the stage. They can't help feeling important as they watch Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt washing dishes for them, or Alfred Lunt emptying the garbage. A sailor asked a man cleaning ash trays, "Are you really Donald Nelson?"

"I'm sorry, buddy," answered the War Production Board chief, "we bus boys are not allowed to give out our names or telephone numbers!"

The glamorous Marlene Dietrich was mopping the floor when a young sailor came running up. "Here, let me do it," he said. "You must have enough of that to do at home."

A half-finished letter was picked up from the floor of the Philadelphia Canteen. It began, "Dear Mom: Guess what? Hedy Lamarr just breezed by!" But evidently Hedy's entrance was just too much for the young soldier, for all that followed was a huge blot of ink.

RAYMOND Massey sat at a table and autographed furiously "to Joe," "to Lefty," "to Tex." Then a voice said, "American Eagle."

Massey smiled, pen poised in hand—"Not your squadron—your name."

"My name," said the voice, "is American Eagle." And Massey looked up—into the handsome bronzed face of a full-blooded American Indian.

When Lanny Ross wound up his personal appearance by taking six taxicabs full of the boys to broadcast with him over NBC, an English sailor found himself riding down Broadway in a jeep with his famous actress countrywoman, Gertrude Lawrence.

All servicemen's paths eventually lead to the Stage-Door Canteens. Chums who haven't seen each other since grammar-school days unexpectedly meet. In the midst of talking with a hostess a young soldier gasped and pointed over her shoulder. Tears came into his eyes. There before him stood his brother—a marine who had been reported missing in action a year before.

Even Mrs. Roosevelt found the Canteen a crossroads. A sailor leaned over her chair and said, "Mrs. Roosevelt, I'm from Seattle. You know Seattle, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know Seattle very well. My daughter lives there."

"Yes, I know. My ma, she knows your daughter."

The Philadelphia Canteen has a unique door prize. Every week-end the holders of eight lucky tickets are treated to free telephone calls to any part of the United States. The telephone company coöperates by giving the boys the longest three-minute conversations on record.

There was the boy who won a tele-

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Troops are marching too, and

men are training in the camps and training centres. Our men in khaki and navy or airforce blue are fighting on the farthest fronts of the world conflict.

This year, thousands of our American friends will find it impossible to visit us freely for holiday and sport. To those who are still fortunate enough to come, we extend a warm and hearty welcome. But to the travellers and vacationists of other days we say, "Come again . . . after the war has been won!"

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phone call on the day his brother was reported killed in action. The sound of one son's voice softened the blow of the official telegram that the mother had received earlier. The shortest conversation on record was put through to a Colorado cattle ranch. "Hello, Mom. This is Willie." The only reply was the thud that resounded over the wires as his mother fainted!

The Philadelphia Canteen is also making it possible for the serviceman to send his voice home permanently. Three hundred phonograph records a month go to homes all over the world. An English seaman began, "I'm havin' a foine toime 'ere in America at the Stage-Door Canteen and there's jltter-buggin' and carryin' on. . . ." A pilot from Glasgow asked three American soldiers to sing with him. They all joined in *Tipperary* and the Scotsman closed the record with "Here we are, a bunch of singin' allies. We're singin' together in war and we'll go on singin' together in peacetime, too." One American boy sent his record home to his wife, who took it to church, where it was played and replayed by all his friends.

The cost of operating the Stage-Door Canteens is underwritten by patriotic donors. In Washington, a donor pledges \$600 a night, which pays the estimated cost of entertaining 2,000 boys. Others, called "angels," pay \$100 for the privilege of sitting at a special table. In each city people back the Canteen with donated equipment and tons of food.

Do the Canteens send the boys to their battle stations better soldiers? Is the American Theater Wing justified in opening new Canteens in Boston, Dallas, and even in Alexandria, Egypt? The fan mail gives the answer.

Be of Good Cheer, Little Guy!

[Continued from page 13]

has justified itself scientifically. It has worked well, whether men invoked it in bank or factory, in store or at the ballot box, in school or in the church.

Don't let us fool ourselves. The march of humanity will not halt even for this war. Wrong-headed reformers and demagogic statesmen can do little to check it. But hold on to this truth: Only under liberty can we hurry the tempo of human advance.

But let me repeat and with grave emphasis: we are walking now on the ridge between the old world and the new. On one side we are confronted by a ruthless and greedy totalitarianism of business. On the other hand, by a similar greedy cruel giant in the totalitarian State. Whichever way we look, right or left, we are between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Yet we shall probably come through.

"If you could only know what it means to us to come to the Canteen," wrote an overseas soldier, "instead of walking the dark streets killing time during the last few hours in our homeland!"

"It's just like home," wrote another, "only you don't have to roll up the rugs when you want to dance."

And from a marine, "Whoever said, 'War is hell,' never saw a Stage-Door Canteen!"

One of the most treasured possessions of the Washington Canteen is a paper napkin from the food bar on which is scrawled, "I will be on a train tomorrow—going to fight for something that I really learned about here. Jack, U.S.M.C."

The captain of M.P.'s in Cleveland said that after the Canteen had been open for three months, the M.P.'s work had decreased 50 percent. In Washington the American Legion presented Helen Hayes with a medal in recognition of the Canteen's contribution to the morale of the American forces.

A weather-beaten sailor who had spent 16 years in the Navy asked the Philadelphia Canteen, "Would this be legal? I want to change my life-insurance policy so that the Canteen will be the beneficiary."

In New York, a Negro soldier sat at a corner table. His plate was empty and he had finished drinking his glass of milk. Jane Cowl asked him, "Is there anything else I can get for you? Wouldn't you like another sandwich or a cup of coffee?"

The boy didn't speak, shook his head. "I'm so sorry. Is there something wrong with your throat?"

"No," replied the soldier, "just a lump in it."

as real a part of our democratic civilization as the political forms and guarantys supporting it. No matter whether eventually what you think is right or wrong, stand up for it. Then at the end of the battle do not forget that the art of peaceful, profitable compromise is the highest and noblest of all man's achievement in living with his fellows.

The great geniuses in the various branches of human aspiration have seen high visions, invented noble projects. Whereupon the common man, the little guy, you and I and our kind, not quite knowing what we were doing, but free to move, eager to fight our way forward, either in folly or in wisdom, have seized these visions of genius and have made them part of a new and beautiful world.

Now I come to tell you, as one of those little guys, that I have faith. Time and again in human history we little guys have won our battles. We have held our place. For this little guy always has been grappling with the encroachments of power. He struggled with insatiable power in the Roman Empire. He fought with the power of an ignorant and corrupt religion in the Middle Ages. It was this poor little middle-class guy who has overthrown embattled kings and routed feudal barons. He is the same little guy who stood in front of Goliath with "five smooth stones from the brook" in his sling. He must have been scared into conniptions there. But he sailed in, took his chance, and fought for his right.

Oh, little guy, what if today your knees do quake and your heart beats faster as you walk in the presence of the monsters of power. Be of good cheer, little guy! You have licked the giants before. Today you have got something better than David's sling, little guy. You have got modern man's new weapon, the ballot. And you have under your cocked hat something that these huge monsters have not—a head with real brains in it, and under your shirt that fluttering heart has more power than all the devouring hordes that surround you. For it is driven by the indomitable love of freedom.

Brace up, little guy. Pull down your vest; show your collar button even if it is brass. For you will have the angels on your side and the inextinguishable passion of liberty to urge you to victory. You may not know where you are going, but how little did David realize when he put the five smooth stones from the brook into his sling to slay Goliath that he was saving a people whose mission it was 1,000 years ahead to bring mankind a philosophy that would save the world. David did not know that the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount were in his sling. He just let her go—and time did the rest.

A Letter to a Young Doctor

From His Mother

DEAREST Jack: Today you reached the goal toward which all the energies of your young manhood have been directed; today you were graduated from medical school, and now have the privilege of adding M.D. to your name. Across the miles that divide us I want to send a message to accompany you through your years as an intern, and the following years of responsibility.

First, I would urge you not to be afraid to feel. In the very nature of things these last years have taught you to form a protective shield over your natural instincts. You have been dealing largely with the lifeless bodies of men and animals. You know the location and condition of all the organs and muscles of the body, and the effect of disease upon them. Now you take over the responsibility of working on living, suffering men, desperately fighting to hold onto that life.

You are pledged to aid that fight, and I am wondering what equipment you have other than the mechanical knowledge with which your years of training have endowed you. You have left the world of tangibles, where the subject of your study remained oblivious to anything that was said or done around him, for the world of intangibles, where nothing can guide you except a realization that no matter how complicated the disease from which your patient is suffering, far more complex are the personal problems he is facing.

In your training you could trace the progress of disease in the human body, but now you will see that progress affected by your patient's habits and surroundings. You will join with him most successfully in your mutual fight for his existence if you are capable of seeing beyond a manifestly ill person, if you can see him as a man instead of as a patient. It will call for intuition and understanding. All your skill will be unavailing unless you can understand how the arrival or delay of a letter, the presence or absence of some person, reacts upon the man who is looking to you for healing. You will have to decide when your patient needs the stimulation of a loved one's presence, and when that presence will be harmful.

This human element is the reason I have asked you not to be afraid to feel; for it is only through opening the rich resources of understanding and sympathy in your own nature that you can aid the sufferer. The will to live kindled in your charge will be your greatest ally. You cannot develop that if you remain impersonal, no matter how perfect a machine you have built

yourself into during the years of study.

Years ago, as a little boy, you watched my work in a welfare center, and you wondered at the seemingly hopeless efforts, the ingratitude, the lack of accomplishment. Finally you said, "I know, Mother, why you are doing this—you are doing it for humanity."

You knew the answer then, dear Jack, and my prayer is that you will never forget it. That you will take the degraded, the soiled, and the hopeless, who for some time will be your patients, and through the magic of clear eyes and trained hands be able to help them in mind as well as in body. That you will know the joy of being the builder of shattered lives as well as of shattered tissues.

Life is too wonderful a thing ever to become casual about, to be held lightly. Yet I have noticed that constant association with the swiftly moving streams of even such great events as birth and death tends to make the beholder unfeeling. A man's life is often all that he has, and to king or beggar it is of equal importance. I would beg of you to look for patience, for the practice of every virtue in the most unusual places. Before searing pain you will find bravery, before the knowledge of certain death you will find cheerfulness and unselfishness. All this will help you when you find, as you will, ingratitude and abuse. If you fill your life with all that your profession demands of you, you will not look for any unusual expression of gratitude in any case. You will simply be doing your job, and, if you are successful, your reward will be ample.

Do not think I am being sentimental when I say that I hope that your patients of both high and low estate will love you. They will give into your hands their most precious possession, their own life, or the life and well-being of a loved one. They will watch your face for the confirmation of their worst fears or the assurance of their hopes. You will be to them then, Jack, more than a man; you will partake of the qualities of the Great Physician. You cannot be unworthy of that trust, you cannot fail that calling. With the utmost self-control, knowing how each word of yours is measured, with patience and thoroughness you must seek the solution of the difficulty.

If you think I am asking you to bear a burden too great, I can only say that I believe it is part of the life you have chosen. If it were too hard, you would not have come this far upon the way, and I could not sign myself, as I do so proudly—a doctor's mother.

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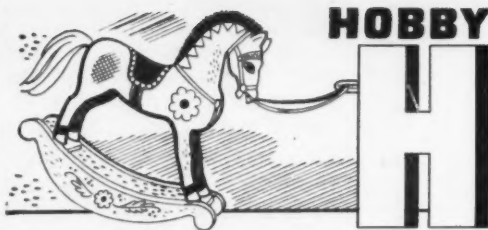
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(Continued on next page)



Hitching Post

THE SWEET tooth of THE GROOM has uncovered another hobby! Pondering over his sugar ration (he takes his in lump form so he can feed his charges) he thought of honey. And what should be more logical than to run through his files and discover that DR. GEORGE T. HAYMAN, a member of the Doylestown, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club, has been generous with programs for other Clubs and organizations, on his hobby of beekeeping? Here is ROTARIAN HAYMAN's own story.

ONE of my earliest and sweetest memories is visiting my Uncle Josephus—"Uncle Seef"—who always kept a number of colonies of bees in bee gums, hives made of hollow logs. There was always "chunk honey" on the table. When I was about 7, my father brought me some colonies of bees of my own. We knew nothing whatever of modern beekeeping, and our hives were just bee gums.

From time to time I learned more about bees, for during the years I kept a few hives whenever possible. When I moved to Doylestown in 1905, I met HENRY MERRICK, who then was over 70 and knew more about bees than anyone I have ever known. As he was retiring from the bee business, but wanted to retain a few hives, he asked if he might put them in my garden "on shares." He had an old book on bee culture, and from this and modern books, such as those issued by bee-supply houses, I added to my information.

Ever since, I have had hives of bees around my house and it has been a

pleasure in every way. A beekeeper has no time for idleness, for there is always something to do. And the bees are always working.

Each colony has from 30,000 to 80,000 bees, all of them the offspring of the one queen. Before the honey flow, the queen may lay only 300 to 1,000 eggs a day, but when the gathering season begins, she speeds up and can lay as many as 2,000 a day.

Between a worker bee, which is a partially developed female, and the queen there is this difference: the queen is fully developed because of the special "bee bread" she was fed while a larva. Thus the same eggs may develop queens or workers—the hive decides which. Usually there is only one queen in a hive, but a "spare" queen may be brought up if it seems wise.

A worker bee born in the early Summer may wear out its wings in a few weeks gathering honey. If she does not die away from the hive, the younger bees will carry her away and drop her. The only loafers permitted in the hive are the men—the drones.

A bee born in the Fall may live through the Winter and into the Spring. These bees live on honey gathered by the generation before them, and the honey they themselves gather is eaten by succeeding generations.

The male bees do no work and yet are cheerfully fed by the workers—until Winter comes. Then they are killed. They do not come from the same kind of eggs as the queen or workers, but from unfertilized eggs. Thus no drone has a father! Drones mate with the



LEFT: A pair of old Dutch skeps, or hives made of straw, used by Dr. Hayman for garden beauty. Right: Dr. Hayman puts a swarm into a hive.



queen, however, to fertilize the eggs which produce queens and workers.

Mating takes place in flight. In the Spring the queen makes a short, tentative flight and then suddenly sets off on a long one, in which she mates with the drone that can keep up with her.

Modern beekeepers remove all but a few drones from the hive during the honey flow, as they are nonproducers and eat much honey.

According to figures I have seen, it takes 20,000 bees to collect a pound of nectar, flying an average of 1½ miles for a load. Four pounds of nectar will produce a pound of honey, so each pound of finished sweetness means 120,000 bee-miles flown! To get one drop of nectar, a bee has to visit as many as several hundred blossoms.

Honey consists of two sugars, dextrose and levulose, in varying proportions, together with minerals and those elusive things, flavor and aroma. What the flavor and aroma will be depends on the source of the nectar.

Honey varies in color from water white to dark brown, ranging through many golden shades. The term "honey colored" really has no meaning, but through the years has come to refer to a peculiar golden glint.

Beekeeping is of great importance to the farmer, for bees are the best pollinizers there are. Many crops would never bear but for the work of bees, as the famous seed man DAVID BURPEE told readers of THE ROTARIAN in *We Let the Bees Do the Work* (June, 1940).

But for a hobbyist, beekeeping is a relaxation, a pleasure—and the means of meeting new friends. My file of letters from acquaintances I have made through my hobby grows constantly.

Many Rotarians keep bees for a hobby, and some hold "honey—producing" or "honey—marketing" classifications. One of these latter is WILLIS C. COLLIER, a member of the Rotary Club of Tucson, Arizona, who started beekeeping as a hobby and in depression years found it a livelihood. Today he has 800 colonies at work. His bees feed on catsclaw and mesquite desert flowers, and produce a honey of distinctive flavor.

YOU'VE JUST read about honey. Now turn your attention upon another item that stands high on the list of the world's sweetest things. It is music—and one man who thinks so is HARRY H. MCCLINTOCK, a Bartlesville, Oklahoma, Rotarian. An ice manufacturer, he keeps his love of fine music warm with phonograph recordings. But let ROTARIAN MCCLINTOCK tell of his hobby.

EVERY evening we invite to our home some of the greatest musical artists of all time to perform for our enjoyment. The phonograph and its perfection in reproducing recorded music make this possible. To think that I can sit in my own home and, for the expenditure of a dollar, plus tax, hear the great baroque organ in the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, as E. Power Biggs plays Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*—the thought is almost beyond belief.

My interest in good music stemmed



FAMILIARITY breeds pleasure where fine music is concerned, believes Rotarian H. H. McClintock, connoisseur of recorded music.

from an old cottage organ and the few lessons I had on it as a farmer boy of 10. Despite the crowding interest of business life and family cares, I never allowed that interest to die. Now in the sunset years of life, I find the enjoyment of good music a treasure of great excellence.

Our library of recorded music represents a general interest in both instrumental and vocal music, and includes symphonies, concertos, sonatas, tone poems, suites, dance forms. But fully to understand such music, one must have a knowledge of its background. Therefore, we have accumulated volumes of writings on subjects pertaining to music in its many aspects.

Music, to be fully enjoyed, should be shared. Thus we invite into our home friends whom we know to be interested in good music. From the records of our music library I have built 36 programs, done after the order of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra programs, and complete even to an intermission. The program is divided into 30- or 40-minute halves and is typed with program notes and comment. Thus I share my hobby with others.

What's Your Hobby?

It can be one of a thousand things, and the naming of it below may bring you in contact with others similarly interested. The only requirement: that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family.

Shoulder Patches: Corp. Lowell Young (Rotarian at Fairfield, Ill.—will exchange shoulder patches of 103rd Division [Cactus Division] for those of other divisions), Hq. Btry., 382nd F. A. Bn., APO 470, Camp Claiborne, La., U.S.A.

Postal Covers: E. T. Lowther (collects postal covers; wishes to obtain covers from all members of United Nations, especially airmail), c/o Emporia Gazette, Emporia, Kans., U.S.A.

Automatic Pencils: Dennie Manning (collects automatic advertising pencils; will exchange with anyone anywhere in world), 420 N. Puente Ave., Baldwin Park, Calif., U.S.A.

Blotters: Bill Anderson (collects blotters of all kinds; will exchange), 1612 N. State St., Litchfield, Ill., U.S.A.

Model Railroads: Lawrence D. Wheeler (builds model railroads, collects pictures of trains and engines, wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), 416 Main St., Joplin, Mo., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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oper temperature or her stomachache?"

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians
or their wives submitting stories used
under this heading. Send entries to
Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine,
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The
following "favorite" is from Benjamin
Franklin Affleck, a member of the Ro-
tary Club of Chicago, Illinois.

In approaching the Union Station in
Washington, D. C., a few days ago in a
taxi driven by a bright young Negro
woman, I saw two or three gangs of
men on scaffolds cleaning the front of
that imposing piece of monumental archi-
tecture. This surprised me in view
of the shortage of manpower. I asked
my driver, "How come?" She answered
quickly:

"Ah dunno, Mister. Ah thinks we'd
bettah left the station da'k; a clean
front is a bettah ta'get for German
bombs than dirty. Ah'd a left it dirty."

Inverted Pyramid

.....
.....
.....
.....

Across: 1. Living on another. 2. Phil-
lipics. 3. To lose color. 4. Bleat of a
sheep. 5. In mature.

Downward: 1. In apple. 2. Two-thirds
of hat. 3. A famous sleeper's first
name. 4. Found in Arabia. 5. A salu-
tation. 6. Concept. 7. A boy's name. 8.
A form of the verb "be." 9. In Casa-
blanca.

As the Saying Goes

A proverb is a sermon in a sentence.
How many of the following proverbs
do you know? They are asked in ques-

tion form. All you need do is supply
the missing word or phrase.

1. When should we put the shoe on?
2. What color are all cats in the dark?
3. What was the length of time in
which Rome was not built?
4. What makes Jack a dull boy?
5. What is not always gold?
6. What is nine points of the law?
7. Which pitchers have wide ears?
8. What, besides 5,280 feet, is as good
as a mile?

9. Where is the proof in the pudding?
10. Excepting the surgeon's knife,
what is the best way to a man's heart?

This puzzle was contributed by R. Stewart
Schenley, of Point Marion, Pennsylvania.

Name, Please!

The first letter of my name is in
Ecuador. The second is in Hawaii. The
third is in Switzerland. The fourth is
in Lebanon. The fifth is in Scotland.
The sixth is in Fiji Islands. The seventh
is in Canada. The eighth is in Wales.
The eight of us combine to spell the
name of the 32nd President of Rotary
International.

The answers to the three puzzles
above will be found on page 63.

Good Speaker

So good a speaker, he,
That even this he knew—
However great applause may be
Stop short when you are through.
—HIRAM MANN

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Poor Timing

There came a loud knock at the door.
The doctor, who had just settled himself
for a nap, got up.

"What is it?" he asked the man at the
door.

"I've been bitten by a dog," said the
man unhappily.

"Well, don't you know that my hours
of consultation are between 12 and 3?"

"Yes," groaned the patient, "but the
dog didn't know. He bit me at 20 to 4."
—The Rotator, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

Sure Shot

"See that bevy of quail in the under-
brush?"

"Yes."

"Well, watch me shoot a hole clear
through the red barn behind 'em."—The
Rotagraph, BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

Information, Please

It is difficult to write collection letters
that will bring results. But A. S. Fos-
ter, of New Orleans, is credited with

writing a bit of collection psychology that does the trick. Here it is:
 "Gentlemen: Will you please send me the name of a good attorney in your community—we may have to sue you. Yours very truly. . . ."—*Sunshine Magazine*.

Breath Taking

A melancholy individual accosted Mark Twain with the query, "Mr. Clemens, do you realize that every time I draw a breath, an immortal soul passes into eternity?"

"Did you ever try cloves?" replied Mark Twain.—*The Rotarianer Prater*, WAVERLY, IOWA.

Touching

Draftee: "I always miss the stamps on your letters because I know that your lips have touched them."

Sally: "You're wrong. I moisten the stamps on Fido's nose. It's always wet."—*Rotary Sign Post*, ASHTABULA, OHIO.

Respected Citizen

Bystander: "I observe that you treat that gentleman very respectfully."

Al: "Yes, he's one of our early settlers."

Bystander: "Early settler? Why, he's not more than 40 years of age."

Al: "That may be true, but he pays his bills on the first of every month."—*The Scandal Sheet*, GRAHAM, TEXAS.

Division of Opinion

Noah, having emptied the ark after landing, went around to see if all the animals were out. He found a bunch of snakes in a corner, wriggling disconsolately. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he said. "Why don't you leave?"

"You told us to go out and multiply," they complained, "and we're adders."—*The Throttle*, SHARON, PENNSYLVANIA.

My Cigar

Thou sprig of vegetation, dressed in cylindric roll.
 Thou tantalizing essence of solace to my soul.
 Thou genus Nicotinean; herbaceous rusticor.
 Thou multi-quadrivalvus: I bow to my cigar.

Bereft of all companions; the starved nerves unappeased.
 Thou give't the sufferer comfort, consolation, rest, and ease.
 To the idle mind, diversion. A friend in peace or war.
 Can't soothe a savage's passion: This dry weed. My cigar.

Thou firey evanescence; when wavering on the brink
 With clouded brain, and troubled; thou give'st the power to think.
 When toil-worn, thou art soothing. To the wanderer, near or far,
 Can't relieve that aching, longing, by smoking. My cigar.

Thou'rt known in every country. Addressed in any tongue.
 Can't entertain a comrade, sans women, wine, or song.
 With magic power seductive, eclipse a guiding star.
 Thy subjects ever faithful, to thee. My own cigar.

King, peasant, waif, or sultan; hold'st thou in welded bans,
 And rule'st thou thy victims with Spartan iron hands.
 In ecstasy expectant, though with thee he may spar,
 He yields in subjugation, while smoking. My cigar.

Thou weed! Nectarean comfort: Herbaceous sprig of joy.
 Thou friend! Where e'er we find you, a pleasure to employ.
 Thou nerve food, rest, and solace; a slave to thee we are
 Thou King! Thou Master-passion! Thou Devil! My cigar.

—James C. Chisholm

No Ceiling

There's no ceiling on the number of lines you may send in to complete the unfinished limerick which appears below. If yours is the best submitted by September 1, you will receive a check for \$2. Just send your entry—or entries—to The Fixer, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.—Gears Eds.

Notz So Good

At talking Frank Notz is a hummer,
 We listen both Winter and Summer.
 But help with Club work?
 Say—there he will shirk!

Let Huit Duit

A man who gets things done—there's a man acclaimed by all mankind, particularly by writers of limerick lines, if THE FIXER's mail basket is any criterion! It overflowed with suggestions for last lines to complete the limerick published in the April ROTARIAN about the worth of one Jack Huit. The one submitted by Alfred F. Parker, a member of the Rotary Club of Portland, Oregon, takes the prize. Here's his limerick:

We wish we were more like Jack Huit,
 He's one man who knows how to duit,
 For jobs great or small—
 He'll tackle them all.

An unscrutable thing? He'll unscruit!
 Among prominent rhyme words were "ruit," "tuit," "renuit," "thruit," "eschuit," and "knuit."

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

INVERTED PYRAMID: ACROSS: 1. Parasitic. 2. Tirades. 3. Paled. 4. Baa. 5. M.
 AS THE SAYING GOES: 1. If it fits. 2. Gray ("All cats are gray in the dark"). 3. A day. 4. All work and no play. 5. All that glitters. 6. Possession. 7. Small pitchers. 8. A miss. 9. In the eating. 10. Through his stomach.
 NAME, PLEASE!: Carbajal (Fernando, of Lima, Peru, 1942-43).



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SCHOOLS AND CAMPS

will welcome inquiries from our subscribers. If you plan to send your children to school or camp, write today to schools and camps represented on this page for complete details. Be sure to mention THE ROTARIAN.

The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Last Page Comment

JULY BEGINS A NEW chapter. Ushering in the Rotary year 1943-44, it brings new leadership, new energies, new determination to get on with the job. It should not begin without a sincerely appreciative *saludo* to Fernando Carbajal, of Peru, who as President for the last 12 months has done so much to make Rotary a more potent influence in the Americas—and to all who worked beside him. For thousands of Rotarians in scores of countries who would want us to, we say, "Thanks, Ferdie, *nuestro amigo!* It has been a good year."

NOW THE OFFICE PASSES to Charles L. Wheeler, of California. Just what this shipping executive and veteran Rotarian is like is spread before you in a "log" of his life to be found elsewhere in this issue. And what is on his mind, he himself reveals in a message to all Rotarians on page 6. You won't find it in that message, but a chance remark he made the other day is symptomatic of the aggressive, practical leadership Rotary may expect from Charlie Wheeler. Speaking of Rotary's Aims and Objects plan, which was under discussion, he said, "'A and O' to me means we *Aim* to accomplish the following *Objectives*: We will push not only the full Rotary program as in the past—but also we will do everything possible to—

"A. Win the war.

"B. Win the peace that follows."

SYSTEM DOES IT, is the gist of an article John T. Bartlett contributes to this issue. In it he calls that Aims and Objects plan mentioned above Rotary's "system." And that's what it is—a system for service. But what we're coming to is that many

of the men who are now assuming leadership of Rotary's 5,100 Clubs and 138 Districts may find some helpful hints in that article itself. . . . some short cuts, timesavers, and load easers that may make a potentially burdensome job a satisfying pleasure.

WHO ARE 'THEY'?

You hear, "I see they are going

A Rotarian and His Country

The following statement of the position of Rotary with reference to a Rotarian's relation to his country was adopted by the annual Convention of Rotary International at St. Louis, Missouri, May 18-20. For a brief report on other legislative action, see page 52.

Rotary International has unequivocally declared for the liberty of the individual in freedom of thought, speech, and assembly, freedom of worship, and freedom from persecution.

Rotary International expects every Rotarian to be a loyal member of the church or religious community to which he belongs and personally exemplify by his every act the tenets of his religion.

Rotary International furthermore expects every Rotarian to so order his daily personal life and business and professional activities that he will be a loyal and serving citizen of his own country.

to ration canned milk! What next?" or, "Well, they've started calling married men," or, "They don't know beans about strategy. Now if I . . ." Just who are these vague convenient scapegoats of common conversation called "they"? *They* are people—honest, earnest, everyday folks who are working hard to make "a go" of a tremendous, thankless job. Hundreds of them wear a small cogged wheel on their lapels. Ever think about inviting, say, your rationing

board chairman to talk to your Club? Maybe you have . . . but maybe you should call him back—to explain how Rotarians in your town can help beat the black market. The problem is critical. "We can't talk now about preventing black markets," says a recent United States Government statement. "We have to talk now about stamping them out, as we would a grass fire which has already gained alarming headway." You will find aplenty to do . . . and you will find it's a "we" proposition. That pronoun "they" has small part in a healthy democracy.

SOLDIER OF THE SOIL (see page 17) is, we think, a heartening story—except for one thing. It's too unusual. There should be hundreds of thousands of "Fate" Lantrips—farmers who, by wise application of all that science and experience have to teach them, bring their acres to fullest production and yet leave the soil richer than they found it. For the best-laid plans of great food conferences like that just held at Hot Springs, Virginia, and like those that will come with the peace, can easily go awry if the man on whom they all ultimately depend—the farmer—cannot or does not deliver. Bringing the problem of feeding the world down to the good earth, what can Rotary Clubs do about it? Just what they have been doing—only more so. Every pig club, poultry contest, 4-H Club, Future Farmers chapter, and livestock show Rotarians have financed or sponsored for boys and girls has helped to assure the future of more "Fate" Lantrips. War has brought home with new clarity the fact that the soil is man's greatest treasure. He should treat it as such.

THE 'CRYING TOWEL' of the "Threadbare '30s" is back—for use in the "Frantic '40s." A Rotary Club in the United States revived it in a recent program . . . as an award to the member who could relate the saddest tale of business woe. Then they wrung it dry . . . and went back to work with wide grins, wider appreciation of wartime problems.

— your Editor



There are nearly two hundred fine illustrations in this volume. Here is one of them.

The Indian snake charmer is a familiar figure in the Orient.

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 On the Road to Mandalay
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